



JUSTICE LEAGUE®

25

JUL 96

PRIEST
BERNARDO
WALLACE

WALK FORCE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



VELLUTO & ALBRECHT

DETAILS

PHILADELPHIA.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER
RAY TERRILL LEFT *
BRONZE TIGER'S
APARTMENT.

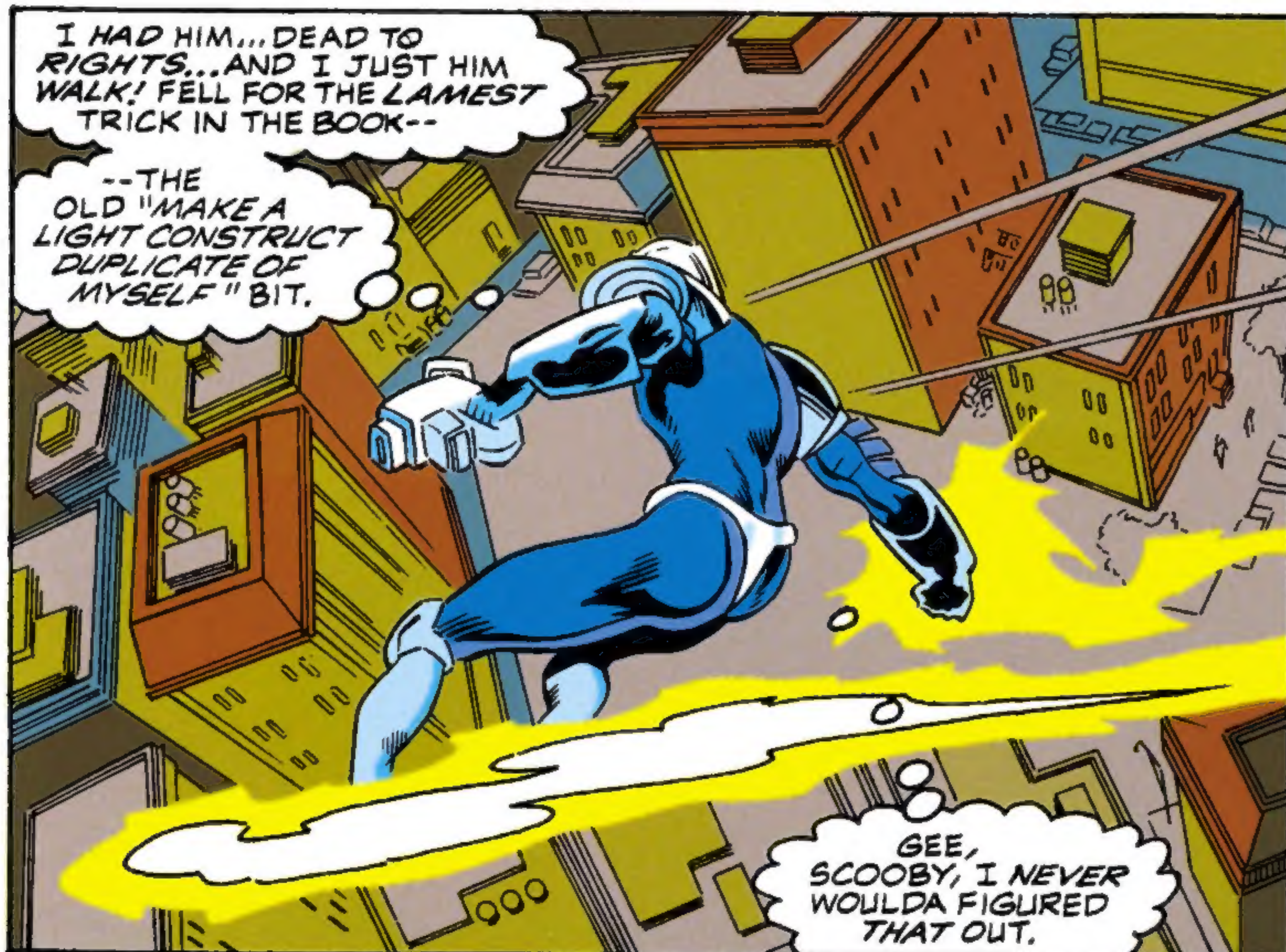
THIS IS MYSTEK,
A RECENT
ACQUAINTANCE.**

RAY TERRILL
IS A DEAD
MAN.

I'M GONNA
KILL HIM.

PRIEST- WRITER
RAMON BERNADO
PENCILLER
CHIP WALLACE
DOUG SELOGY
JASEN RODRIGUEZ
INKERS
KEVIN CUNNINGHAM
LETTERER
ADRIENNE ROY
COLORIST
ALISANDE MORALES
ASSISTANT EDITOR
RUBEN DIAZ-EDITOR

*WHICH MEANS THE STORY TAKES PLACE
AFTER DAMAGE #14
**RAY FOUGHT MYSTEK IN THE RAY #12
--CONTINUITY LAD



I HAD HIM...DEAD TO RIGHTS...AND I JUST HIM WALK! FELL FOR THE LAMEST TRICK IN THE BOOK--

--THE OLD "MAKE A LIGHT CONSTRUCT DUPLICATE OF MYSELF" BIT.

GEE, SCOOBY, I NEVER WOULD'VE FIGURED THAT OUT.



THIS RAY GUY WANDERS INTO MY STORE--SETTING OFF HALF A DOZEN SENSORS AND REGISTERING ON MY RIG AS A POWERFUL META-HUMAN--

--BUYS A MOTHER-BOARD FOR HIS LAPTOP AND SPLITS! OH YEAH, LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE HE DIDN'T COME THERE TO SMOKE ME OUT!



LIKE, HE DIDN'T KNOW I HAVE A SECRET LAB DOWN IN THE BASEMENT.

CONSIDERING THE TOP-SECRET STUFF MY DAD WAS INTO WHEN HE GOT SNATCHED, I FIGURED IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE FEDS SENT SOMEONE AFTER ME.



THEY COULD'VE BEEN A LITTLE LESS OBVIOUS, THOUGH. THIS TERRILL GUY WAS TOO DOPEY FOR WORDS.

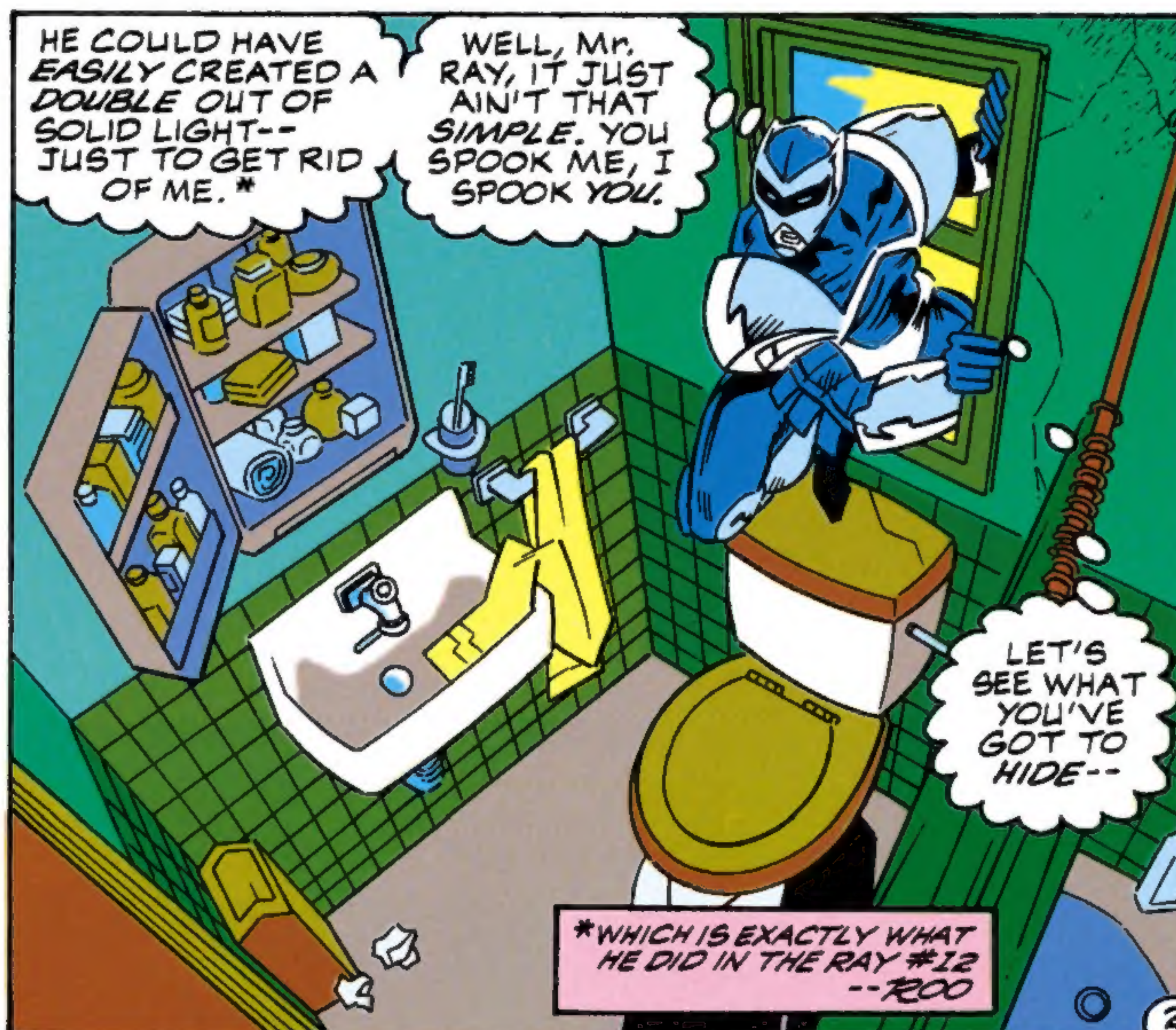
EVEN WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM, HE KEPT SWEARING HE WAS JUST A REGULAR GUY.



THEN, THE RAY STEPPED IN AND "SAVED" TERRILL FROM ME--

--AND I BOUGHT IT.

LIKE, I JUST FORGOT THE GUY PROCESSES SOLAR ENERGY THE WAY I PROCESS QUARK ENERGY.

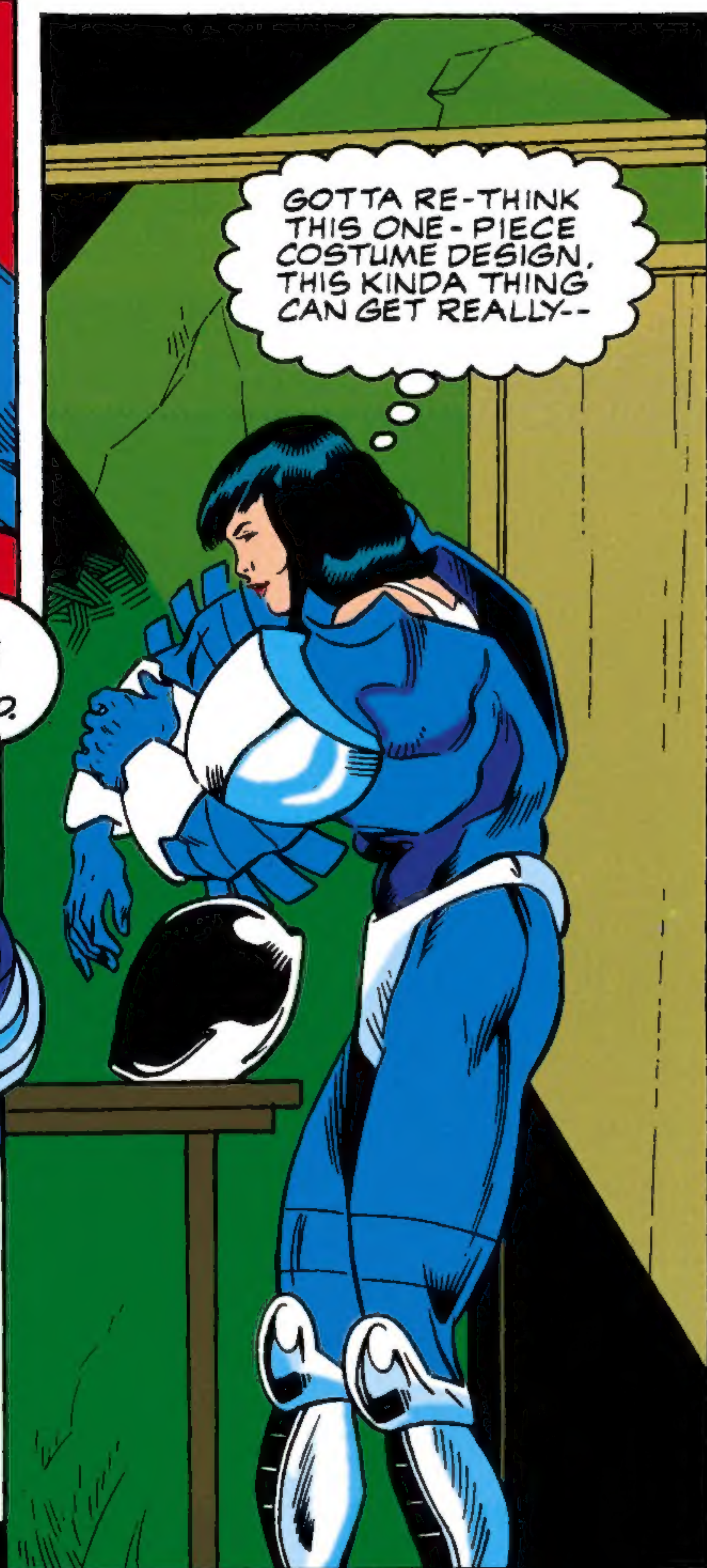
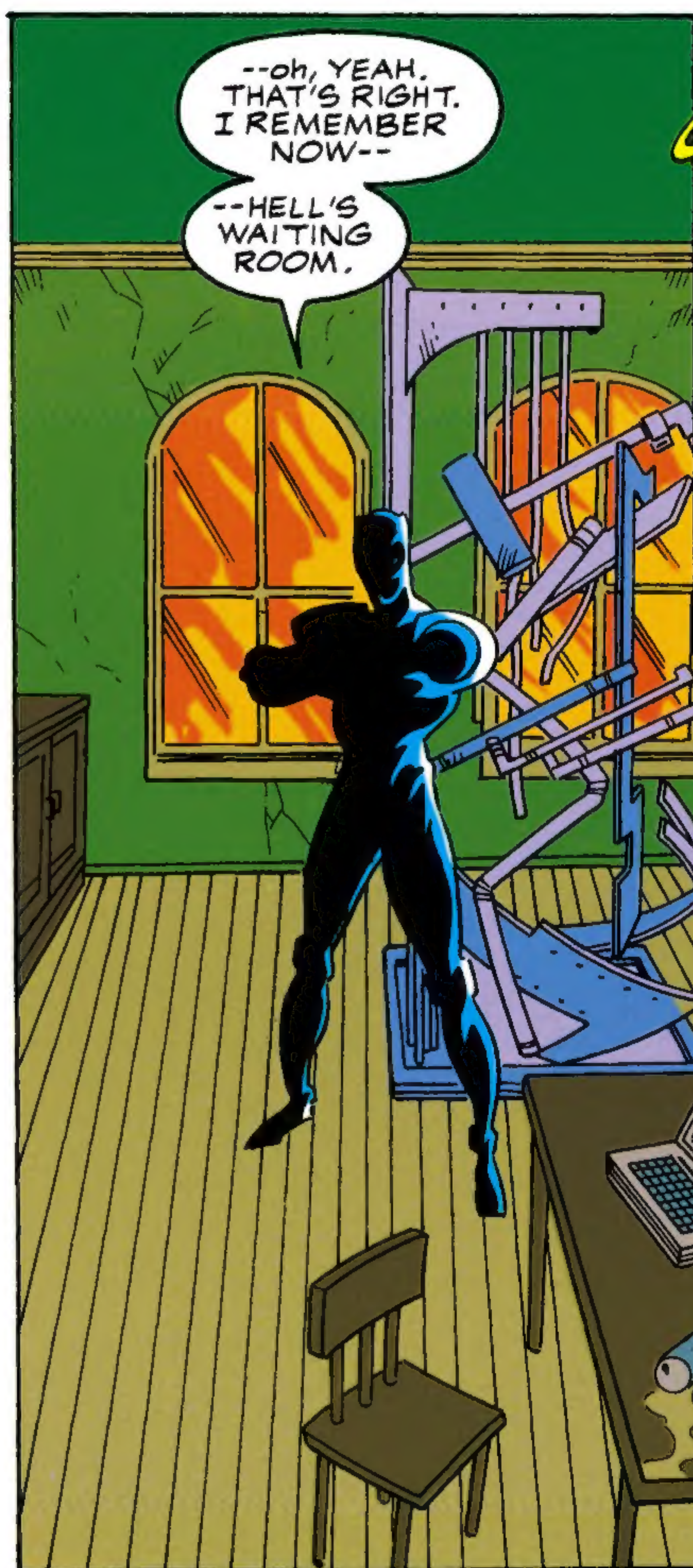


HE COULD HAVE EASILY CREATED A DOUBLE OUT OF SOLID LIGHT--JUST TO GET RID OF ME.*

WELL, MR. RAY, IT JUST AIN'T THAT SIMPLE. YOU SPOOK ME, I SPOOK YOU.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE--

*WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT HE DID IN THE RAY #12 --T.O.O.





NOW I'LL JUST BET THAT WAS SOME ARCH-VILLAIN COME TO AMBUSH RAY AS PART OF HIS PLAN TO ATTAIN WORLD DOMINATION.

THAT, OR ONE OF THOSE AMWAY GUYS.



WHO ARE YOU?

HILLARY CLINTON. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD.

ARE YOU SUB-
LETTING?

THIS DUMP? YEAH, RIGHT.



FOR A KOREAN, YOUR ENGLISH IS VERY GOOD.

OH, THANK YOU "PAPA-SAN," MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT I WAS BORN IN QUEENS.

HEY, I'M CHINESE, PUNK.

WELL, Duh.

ONLY THOSE GEEK ROUND-EYES GET THAT STUFF WRONG, I WAS JUST FUNNIN' YA.



I DON'T THINK YOU'RE FUNNY.

Y'KNOW, MUCH AS THAT BREAKS MY HEART, I'M JUST GONNA HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GO ON.

THIS CAME FOR RAY.

TELL HIM MR. FU SAYS HE'S NOT HIS FRIGGIN' DELIVERY BOY.

IS THAT TWO "G"'S IN "FRIGGIN'?"

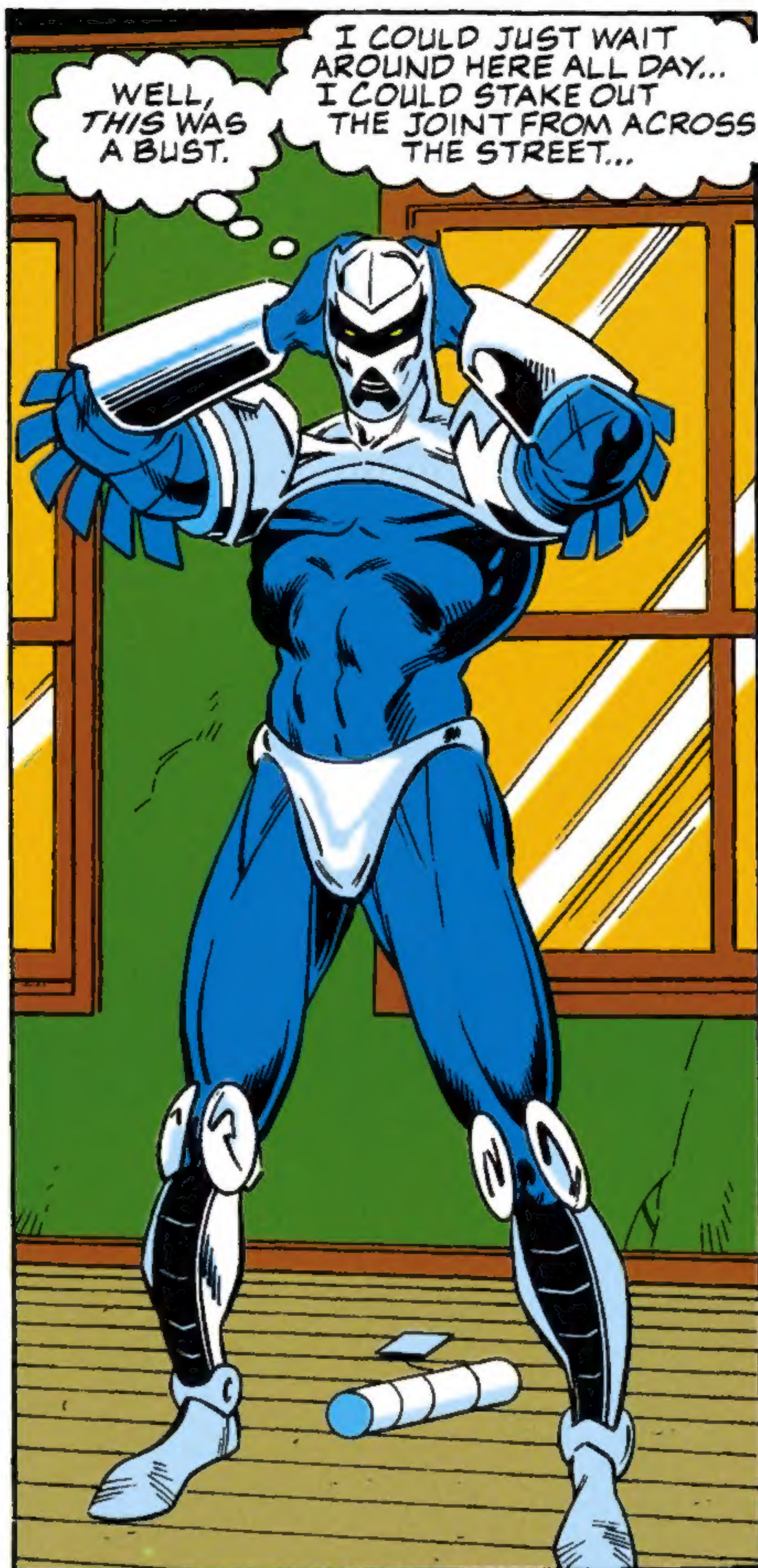
IN THE OLD COUNTRY, I'D HAVE YOU CANED.



HEY, FU, I WAS BORN IN QUEENS. TO ME, THIS IS THE "OLD COUNTRY."

"HEY, FU-- DON'T BE AFRAID-- TAKE A SAD SONNING AND MAKE IT BET-TER-ER-ER-!"

AT LEAST HE DIDN'T TRY AND PINCH MY BUTT.



WELL, THIS WAS A BUST.

I COULD JUST WAIT AROUND HERE ALL DAY... I COULD STAKE OUT THE JOINT FROM ACROSS THE STREET...



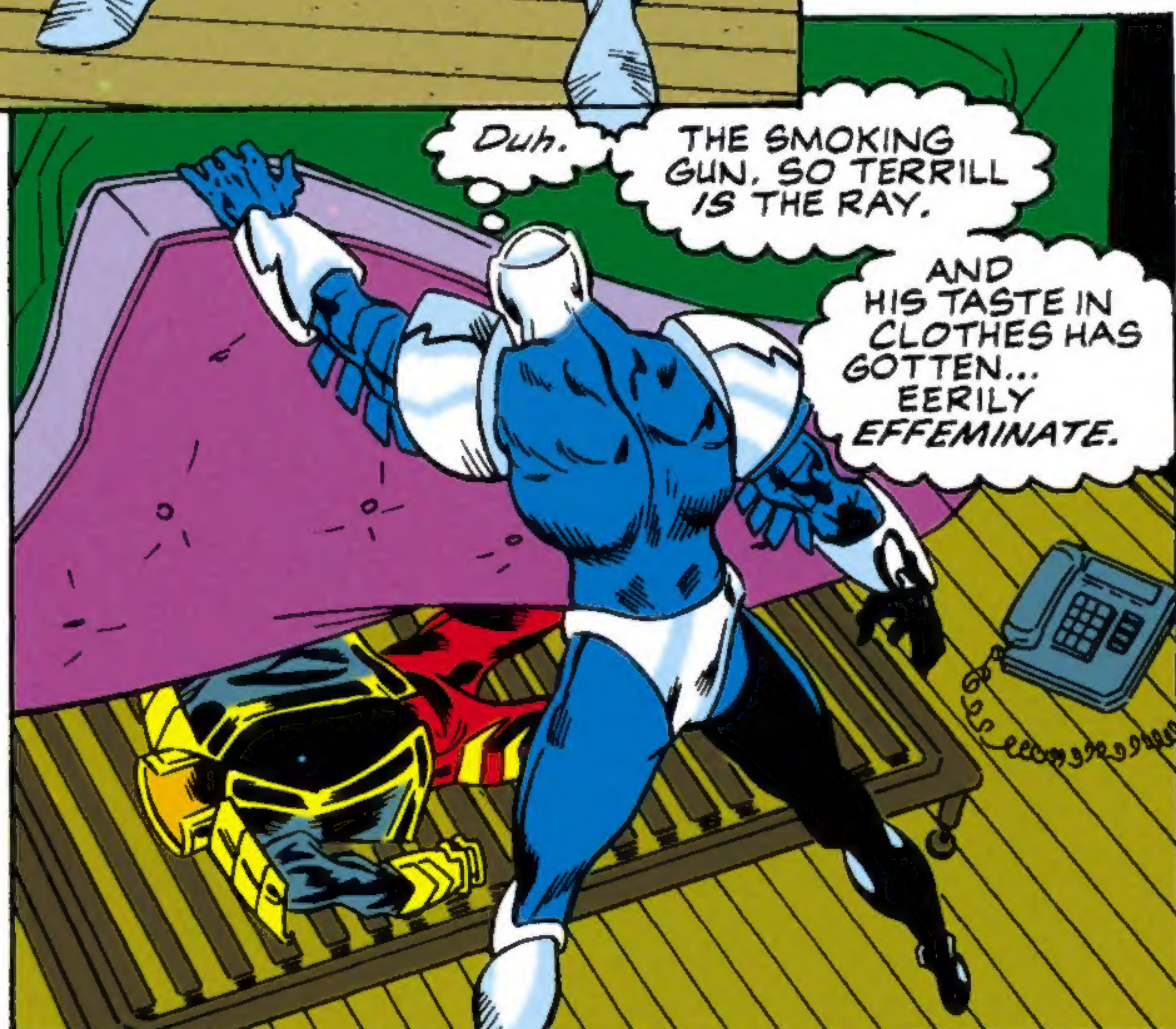
...OR I COULD READ HIS MAIL.



WOW, A 4'x6' SHEET OF PLASTIC. MUST BE HIS BIRTHDAY.

"Homed in on your signal device for your address. Hope you're not too ticked. Jump in as soon as you get it. --Will"

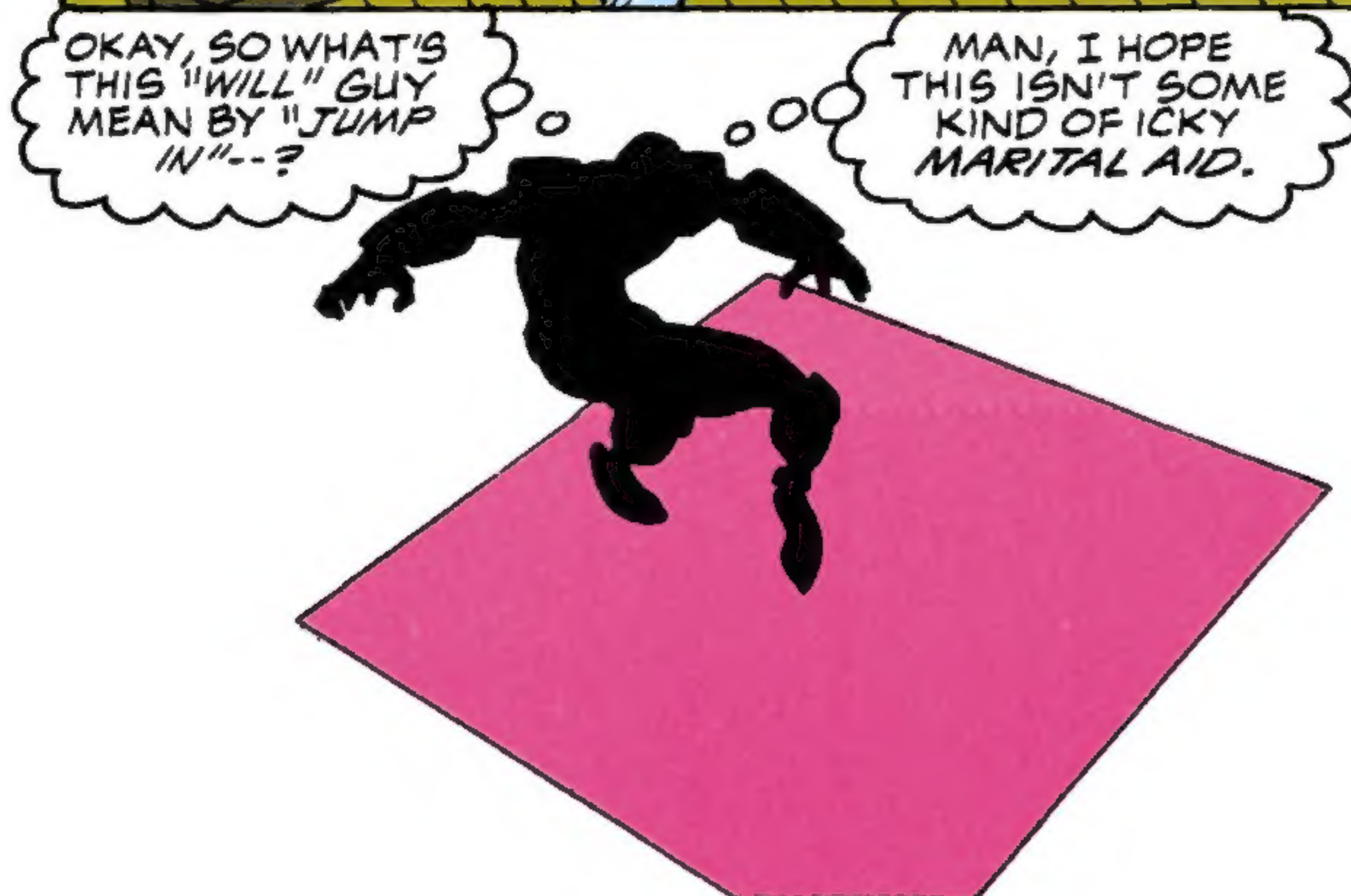
"SIGNAL DEVICE"?!



Duh.

THE SMOKING GUN, SO TERRILL IS THE RAY.

AND HIS TASTE IN CLOTHES HAS GOTTEN... EERILY EFFEMINATE.



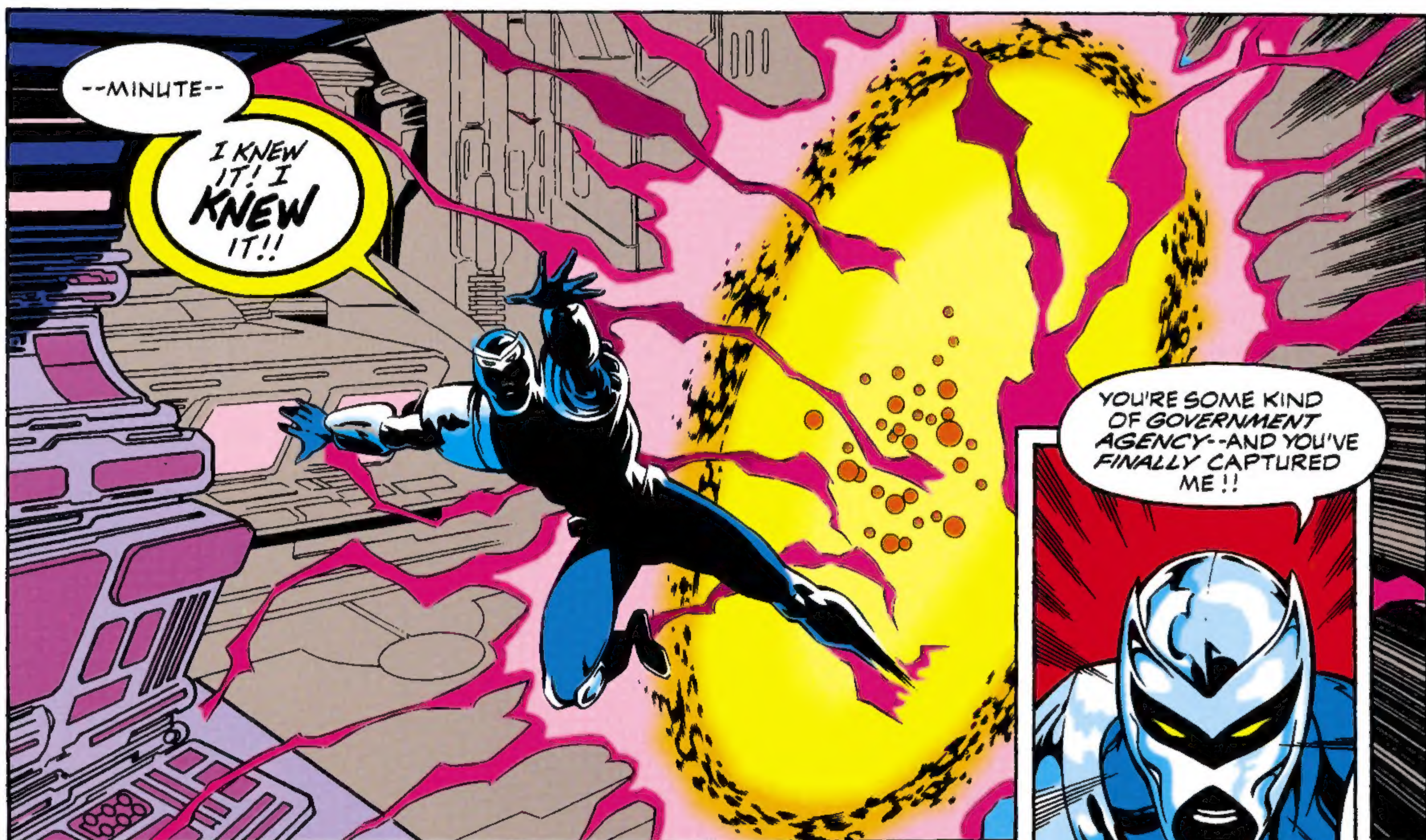
OKAY, SO WHAT'S THIS "WILL" GUY MEAN BY "JUMP IN"??

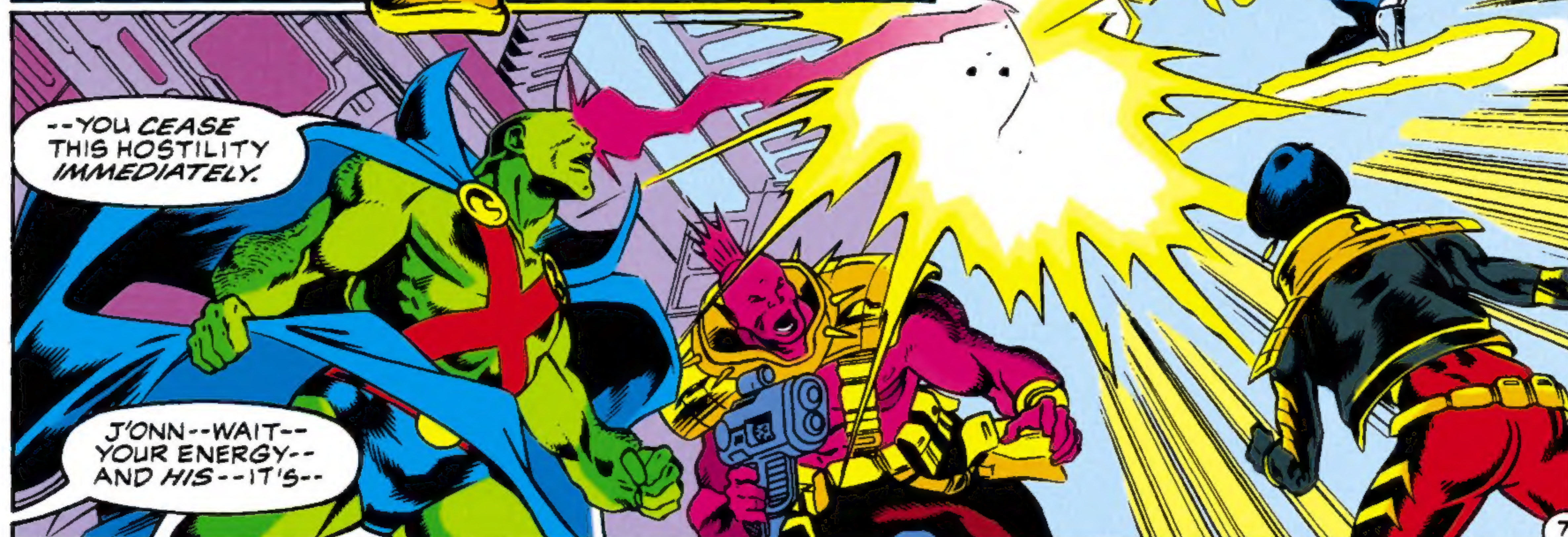
MAN, I HOPE THIS ISN'T SOME KIND OF ICKY MARITAL AID.



--HEY--!! HOLD IT--!!

WAIT JUST A DAMNED--







--MAKING
A MESS--

--GYPSY--?!

HOLDING
MY OWN
TRIUMPH,

WHO IS
THIS KID,
ANYWAY--?!



DON'T ASK
ME! ISN'T HE
A FRIEND OF
YOURS--?!

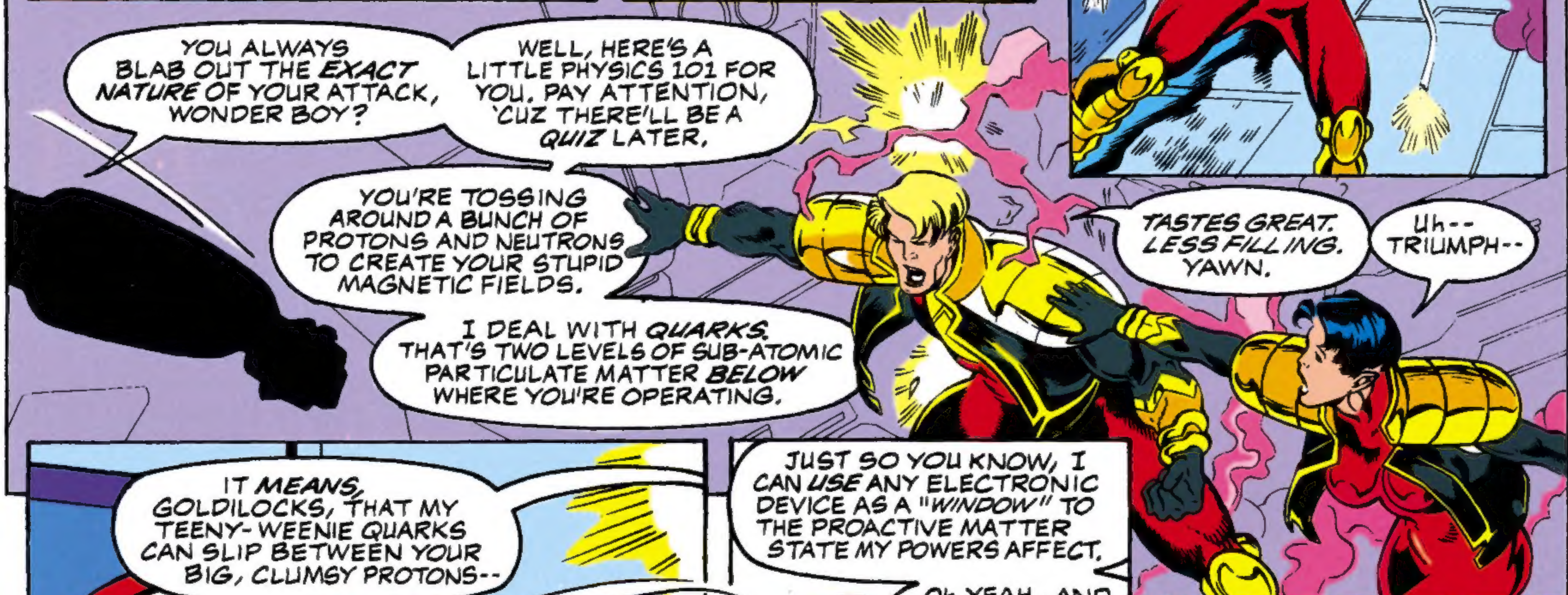
NOPE.
TOO SHORT.
I DON'T DO
MIDGETS.

WELL, JUNIOR,
WHATEVER YOUR
STORY IS--



--IT'S NAP
TIME.

HERE'S A LITTLE
VARIABLE-
DENSITY ZERO
GRAV FIELD TO
HELP YOU COOL
OFF.



YOU ALWAYS
BLAB OUT THE EXACT
NATURE OF YOUR ATTACK,
WONDER BOY?

WELL, HERE'S A
LITTLE PHYSICS 101 FOR
YOU. PAY ATTENTION,
'CUZ THERE'LL BE A
QUIZ LATER.

YOU'RE TOSSING
AROUND A BUNCH OF
PROTONS AND NEUTRONS
TO CREATE YOUR STUPID
MAGNETIC FIELDS.

I DEAL WITH QUARKS.
THAT'S TWO LEVELS OF SUB-ATOMIC
PARTICULATE MATTER BELOW
WHERE YOU'RE OPERATING.

TASTES GREAT.
LESS FILLING.
YAWN.

Uh--
TRIUMPH--

IT MEANS,
GOLDILOCKS, THAT MY
TEENY-WEENIE QUARKS
CAN SLIP BETWEEN YOUR
BIG, CLUMSY PROTONS--

--AND GET
YOU ALL
CHOKED UP!!

JUST SO YOU KNOW, I
CAN USE ANY ELECTRONIC
DEVICE AS A "WINDOW" TO
THE PROACTIVE MATTER
STATE MY POWERS AFFECT.

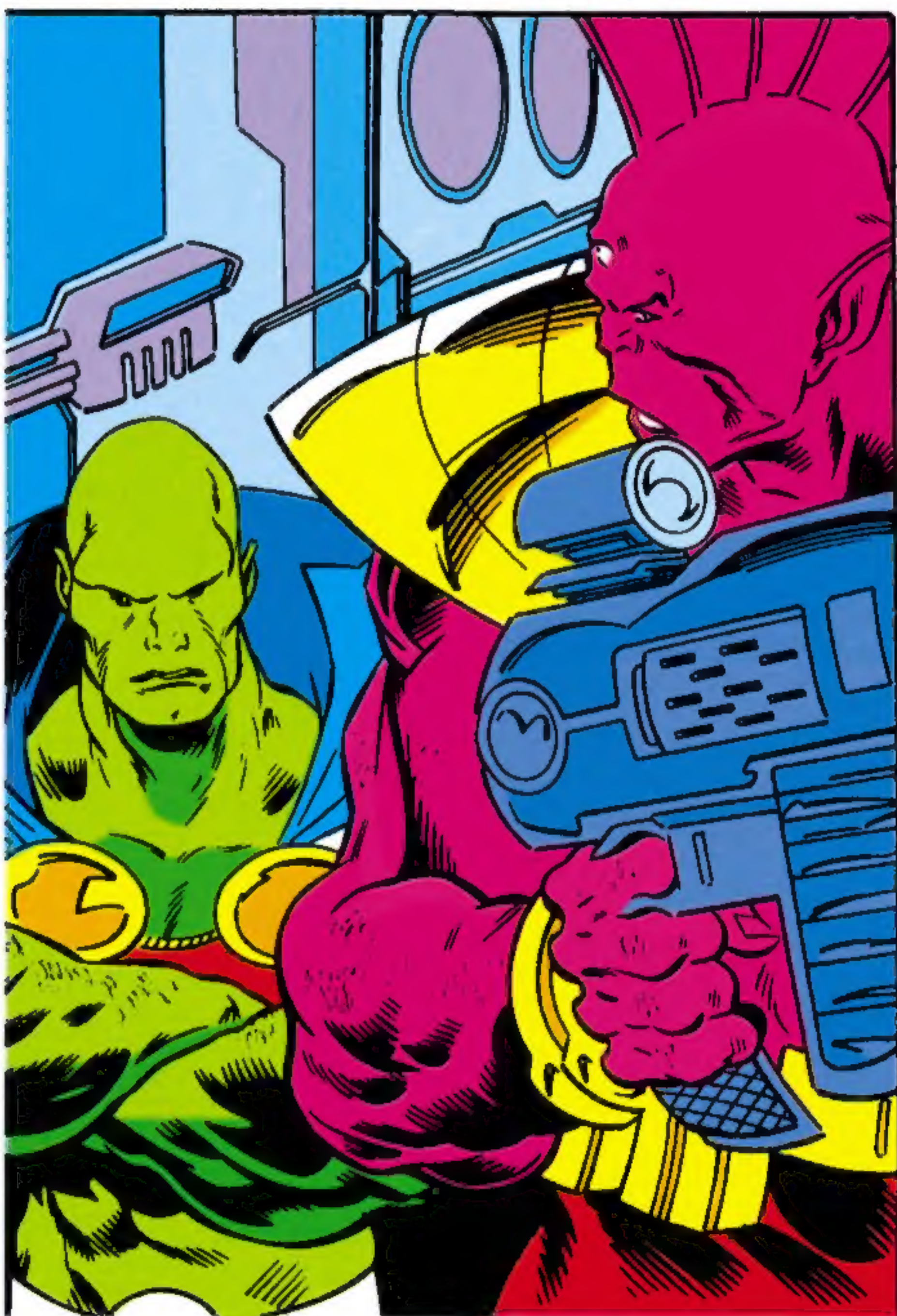
OH YEAH, AND
LAST WEEK, I
FINALLY LEARNED
HOW TO DO THE
CABBAGE PATCH--

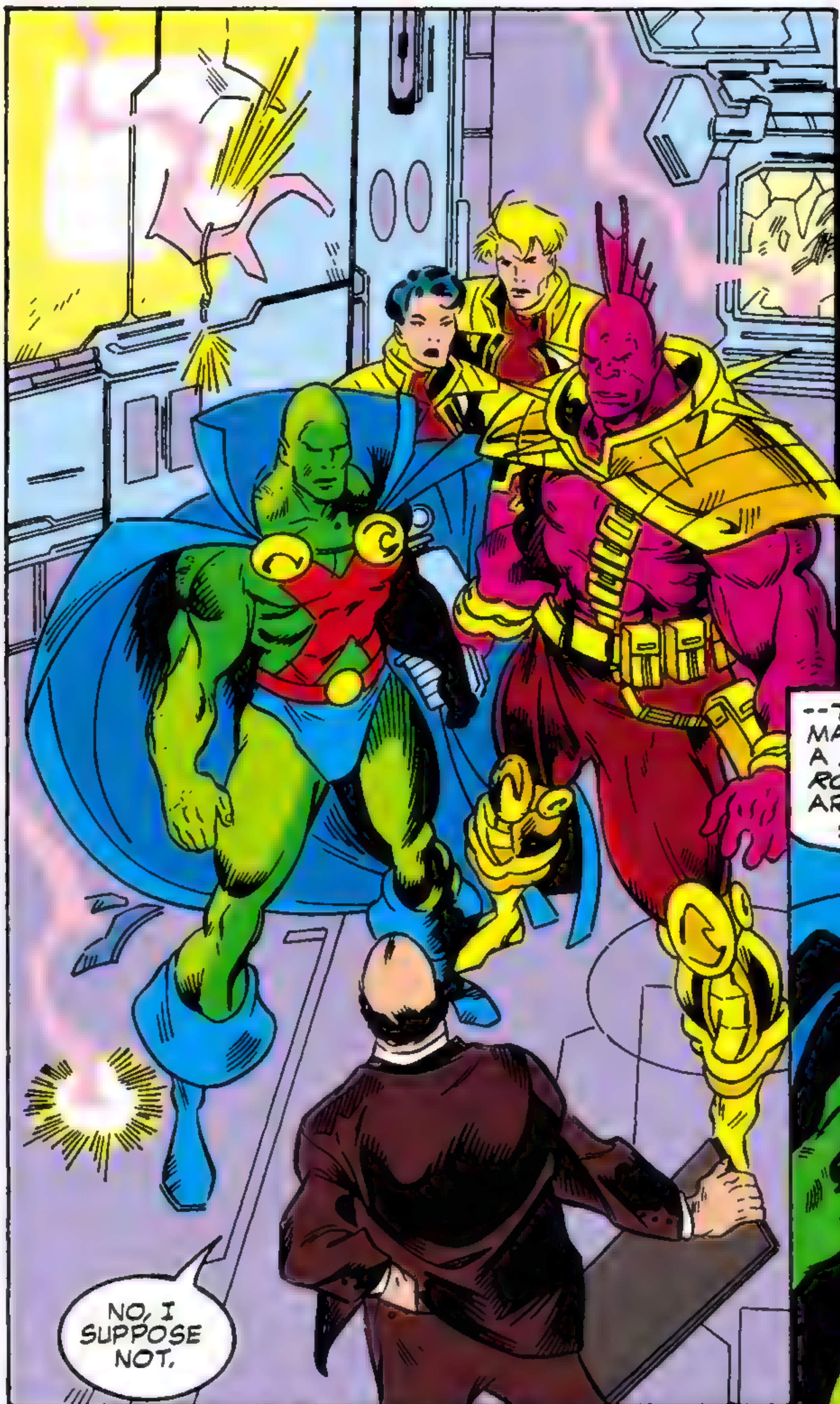
--YEEARGHH!!



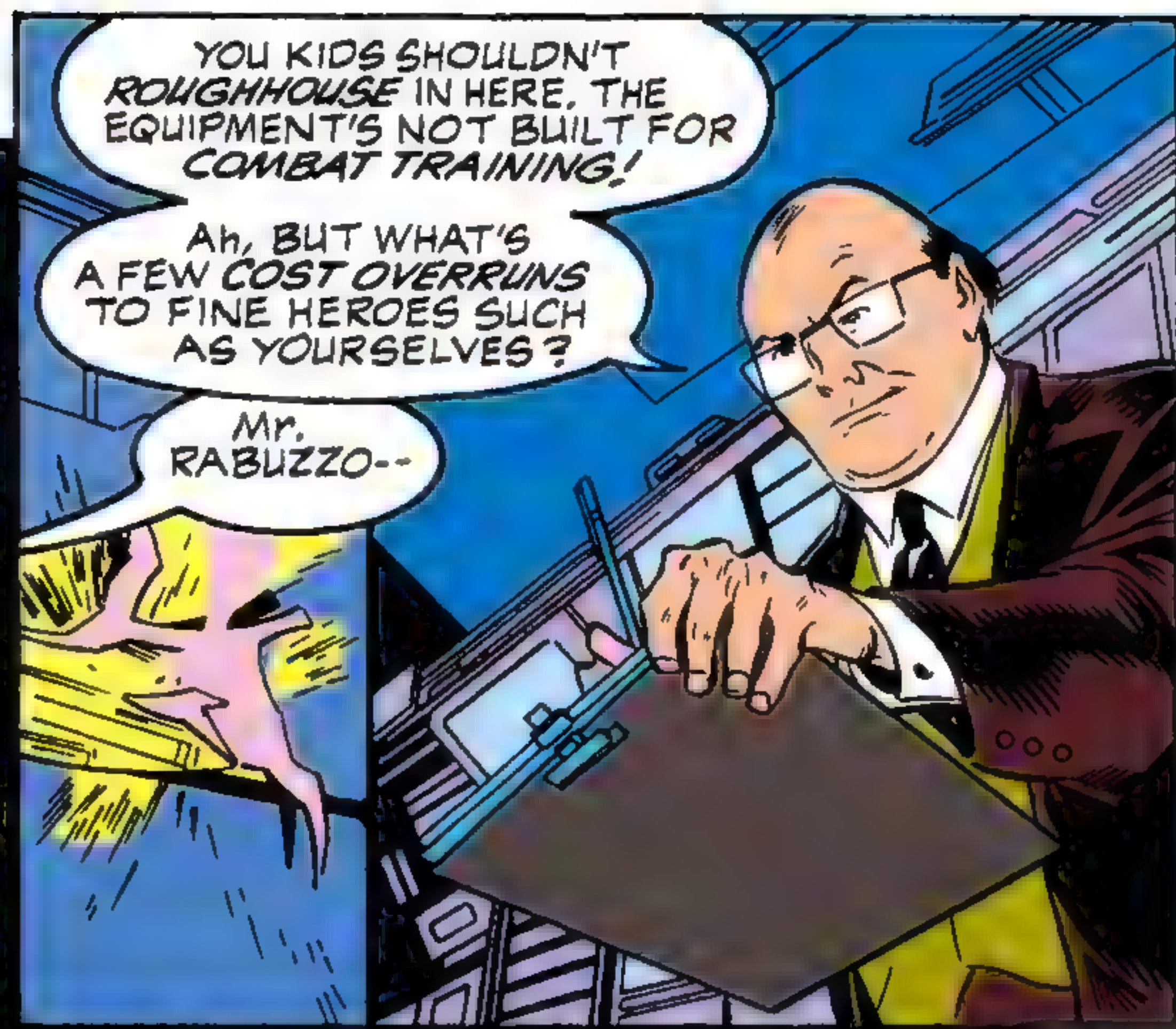
WILL--!!

DEATH TO
ALL
ENEMIES!!





NO, I
SUPPOSE
NOT.



YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T
ROUGHHOUSE IN HERE. THE
EQUIPMENT'S NOT BUILT FOR
COMBAT TRAINING!

Ah, BUT WHAT'S
A FEW COST OVERRUNS
TO FINE HEROES SUCH
AS YOURSELVES?

Mr.
RABUZZO--



--THE **ELECTRON SHIELD** HAS
MALFUNCTIONED, TRANSPORTING
A **HOSTILE** RIGHT INTO OUR **WAR**
ROOM. I SHOULD THINK YOU
ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CON-
SEQUENTIAL DAMAGE--

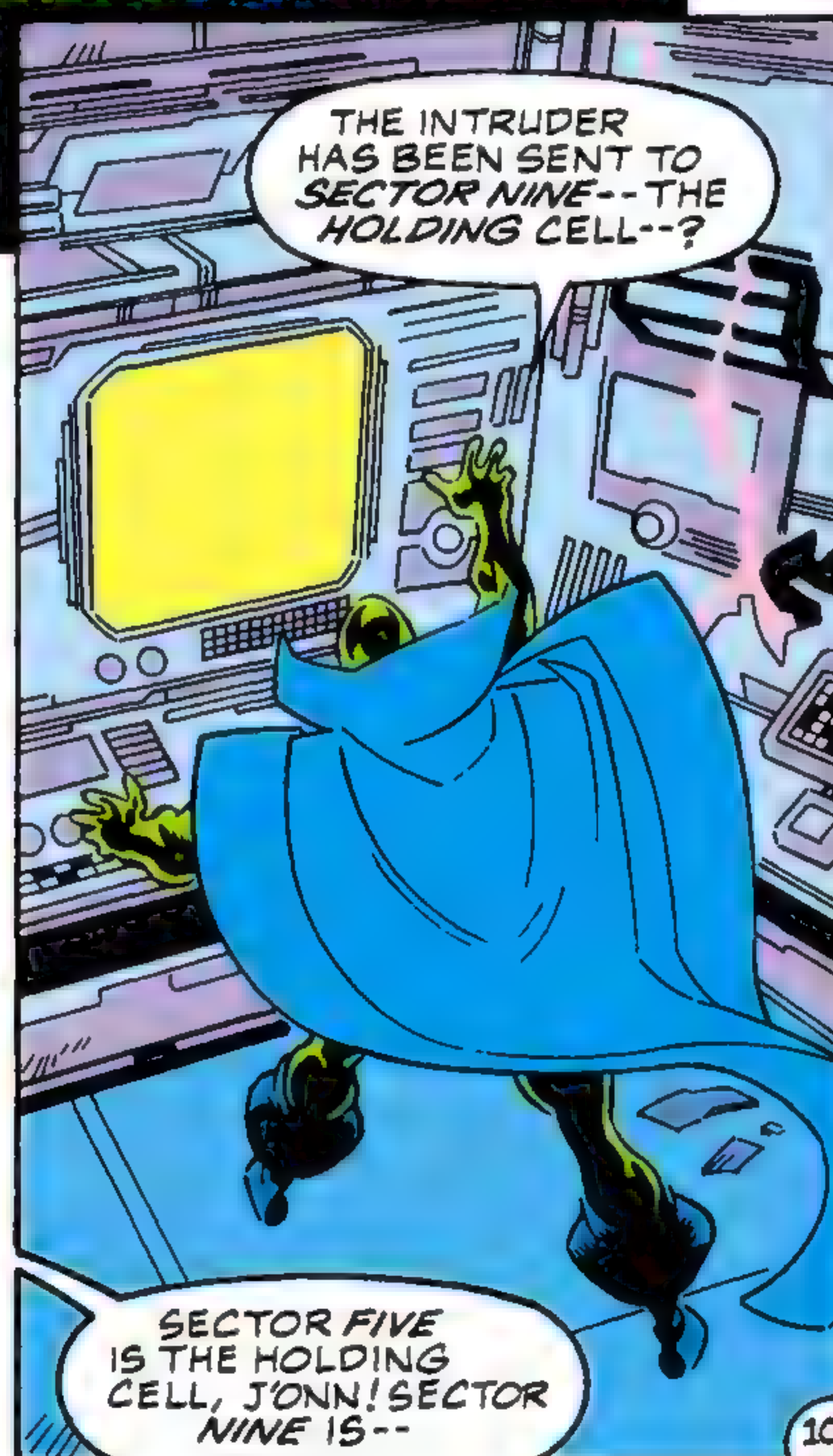
Ah-ah, MY DEAR
MARTIAN. I BUILT A
HOLE IN A WALL--A
CAVITY IF YOU WILL.
NEED I REMIND YOU,
THE TECHNOLOGY
FOR YOUR TRANS-
PORT SYSTEM WAS
PROVIDED BY--



--THE **THREE EYED**
GENTLEMEN FROM BEYOND
THE STARS!

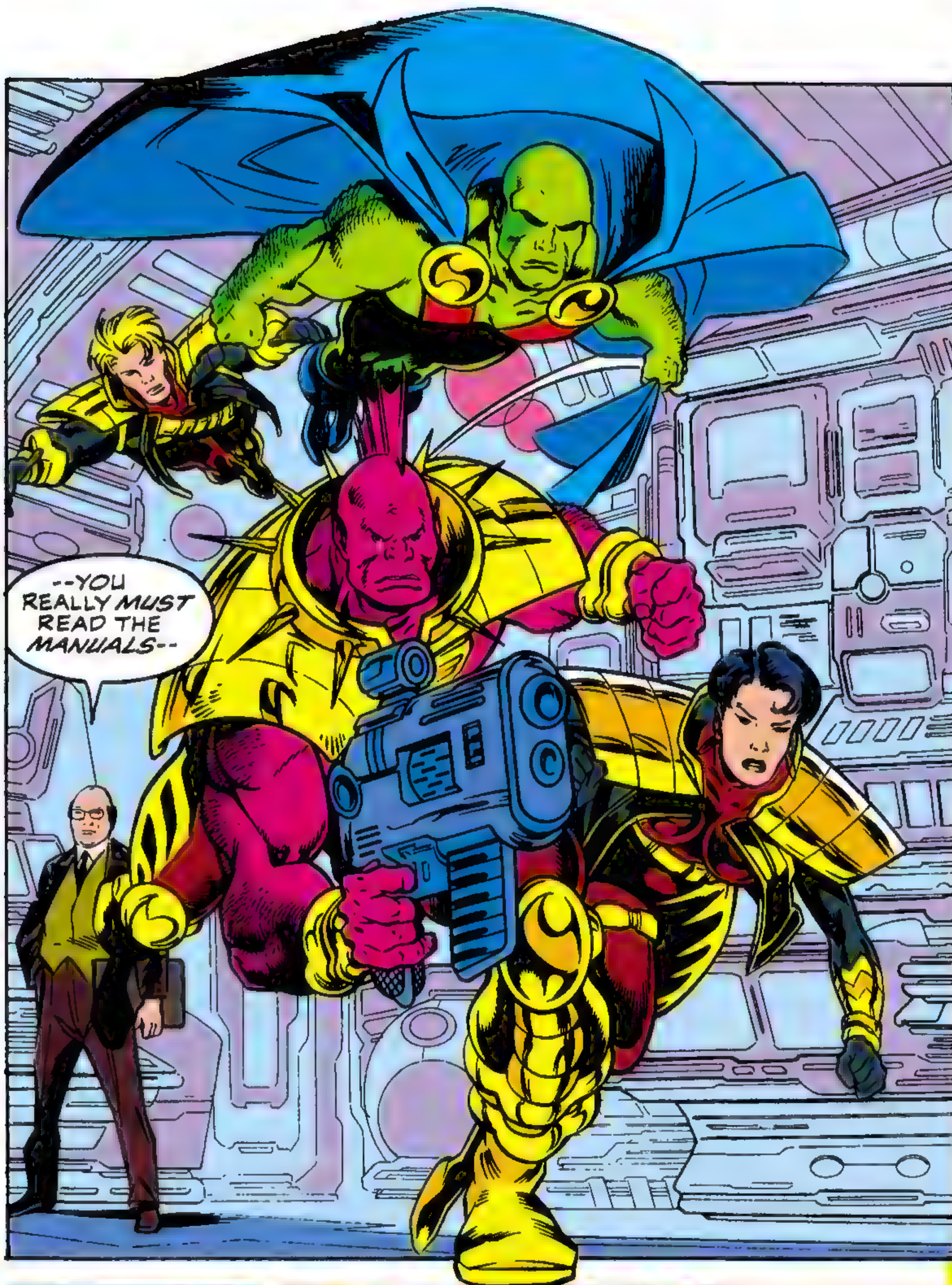
NEED I ALSO
REMIND YOU, IT WAS
TRIUMPH WHO INSISTED
THE ONLY WAY IN OR
OUT OF THE **WAR ROOM**
SHOULD BE THE **ELECTRON**
SHIELD--?

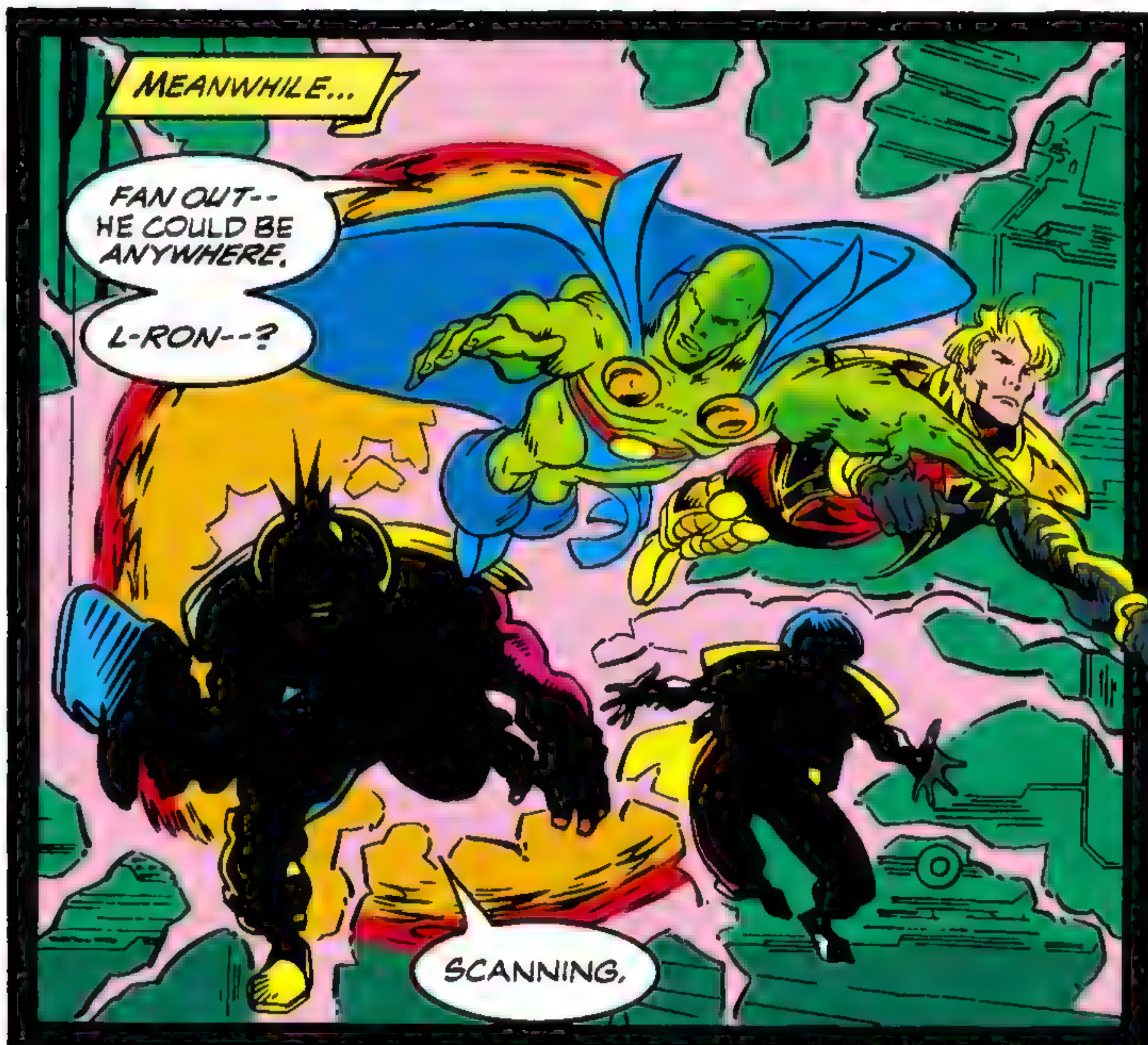
IT
WAS ON
STUN.



THE INTRUDER
HAS BEEN SENT TO
SECTOR NINE--THE
HOLDING CELL--?

SECTOR FIVE
IS THE **HOLDING**
CELL, J'ONN! **SECTOR**
NINE IS--



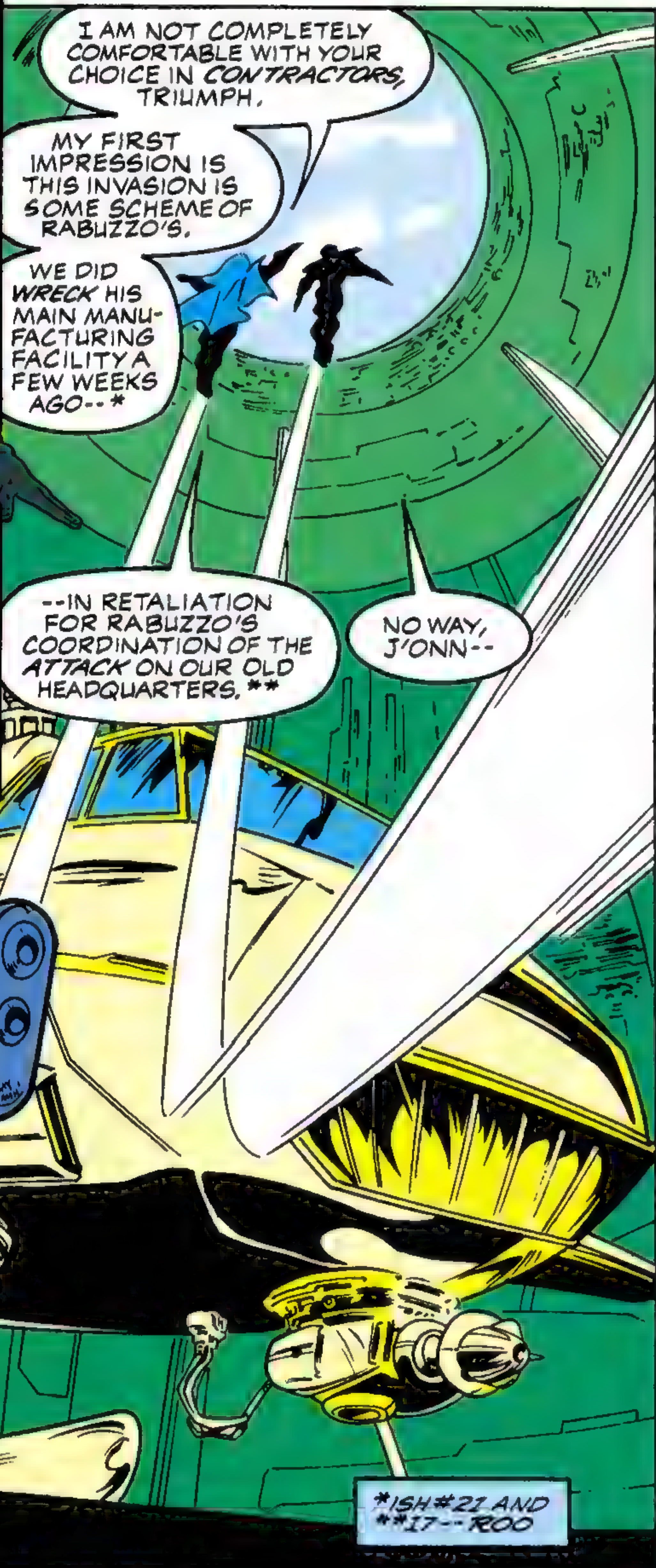


MEANWHILE...

FAN OUT--
HE COULD BE
ANYWHERE.

L-ROH--?

SCANNING.



I AM NOT COMPLETELY
COMFORTABLE WITH YOUR
CHOICE IN CONTRACTORS,
TRIUMPH.

MY FIRST
IMPRESSION IS
THIS INVASION IS
SOME SCHEME OF
RABUZZO'S.

WE DID
WRECK HIS
MAIN MANU-
FACTURING
FACILITY A
FEW WEEKS
AGO--*

--IN RETALIATION
FOR RABUZZO'S
COORDINATION OF THE
ATTACK ON OUR OLD
HEADQUARTERS,**

NO WAY,
J'ONN--

*ISH#21 AND
**17--ROO



--RABUZZO IS A PROFESSIONAL.
IF WORD EVER GOT OUT HE SET UP
ONE OF HIS OWN CLIENTS, HE'D
BE OUT OF BUSINESS.

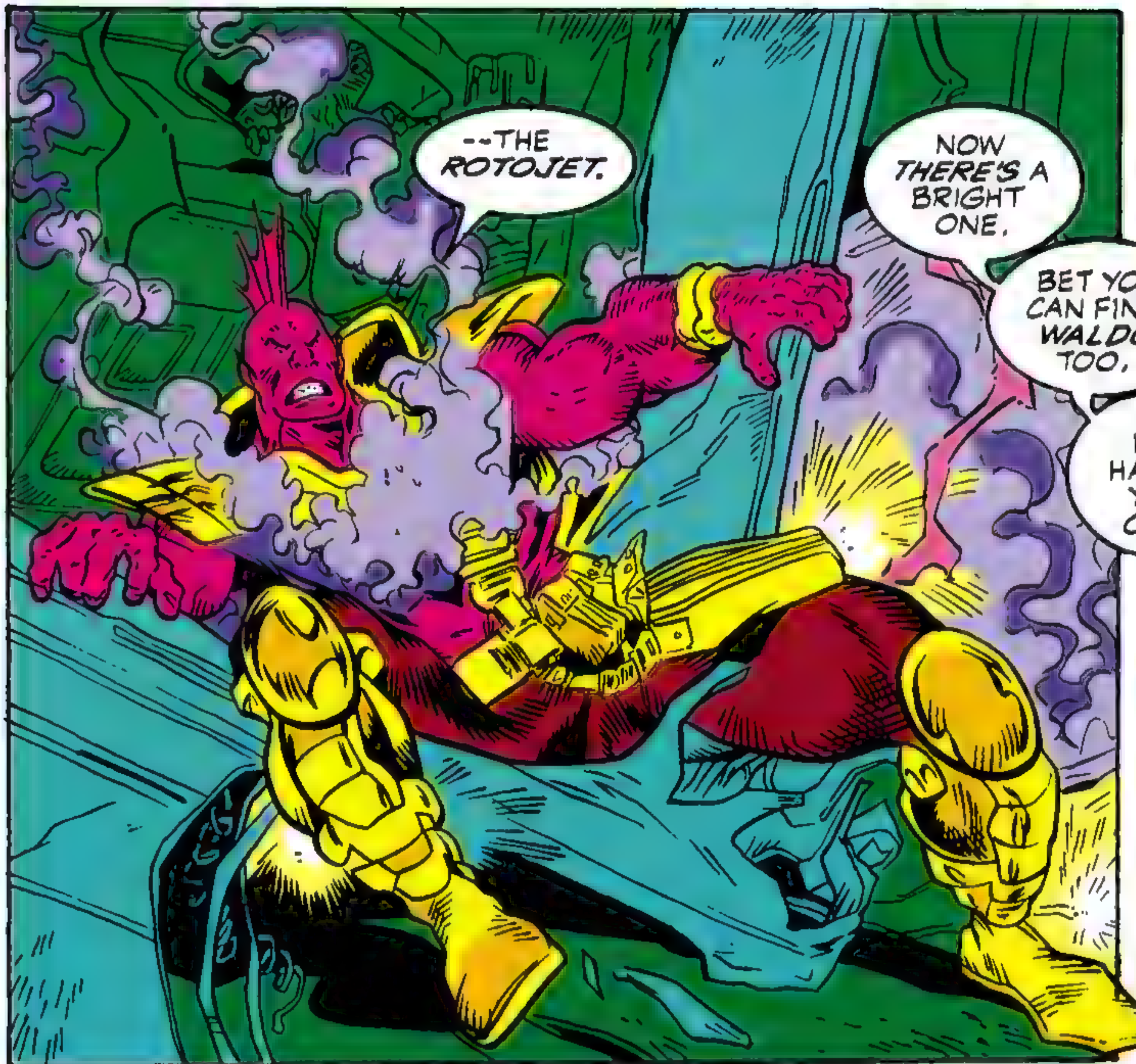
VANDAL SAVAGE--
A MAN OF, AT BEST, DUBIOUS
MORALS--IS RABUZZO'S
BIGGEST CLIENT.

DETAILS,
RABUZZO'S
THE BEST.

AND, BY
STUDYING HIS
TECHNOLOGY, WE
GAIN INSIGHT INTO
SAVAGE'S--



J'ONN, I
BELIEVE THE
INTRUDER
IS IN--



--THE
ROTOJET.

NOW
THERE'S A
BRIGHT
ONE.

BET YOU
CAN FIND
WALDO,
TOO.

WELL,
IT'S BEEN NICE
HANGING AROUND
YOUR LITTLE
CLUBHOUSE--



BOOMM!



--BUT
I'VE GOT
TO BE
GOING.

WELL...THIS SURE
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
PHILADELPHIA! AND
WHERE'S THE REST
OF THE COMPLEX--
UNDERGROUND--?!

WIIIIIAHHH!!



GOTTA
MAKE SOME
CHOICES
HERE.

SINCE I
DON'T KNOW WHERE
I AM OR WHAT'S
WAITING FOR ME
BEYOND THE
PERIMETER--

--MAYBE MY BEST
DEFENSE IS THE
UNEXPECTED.

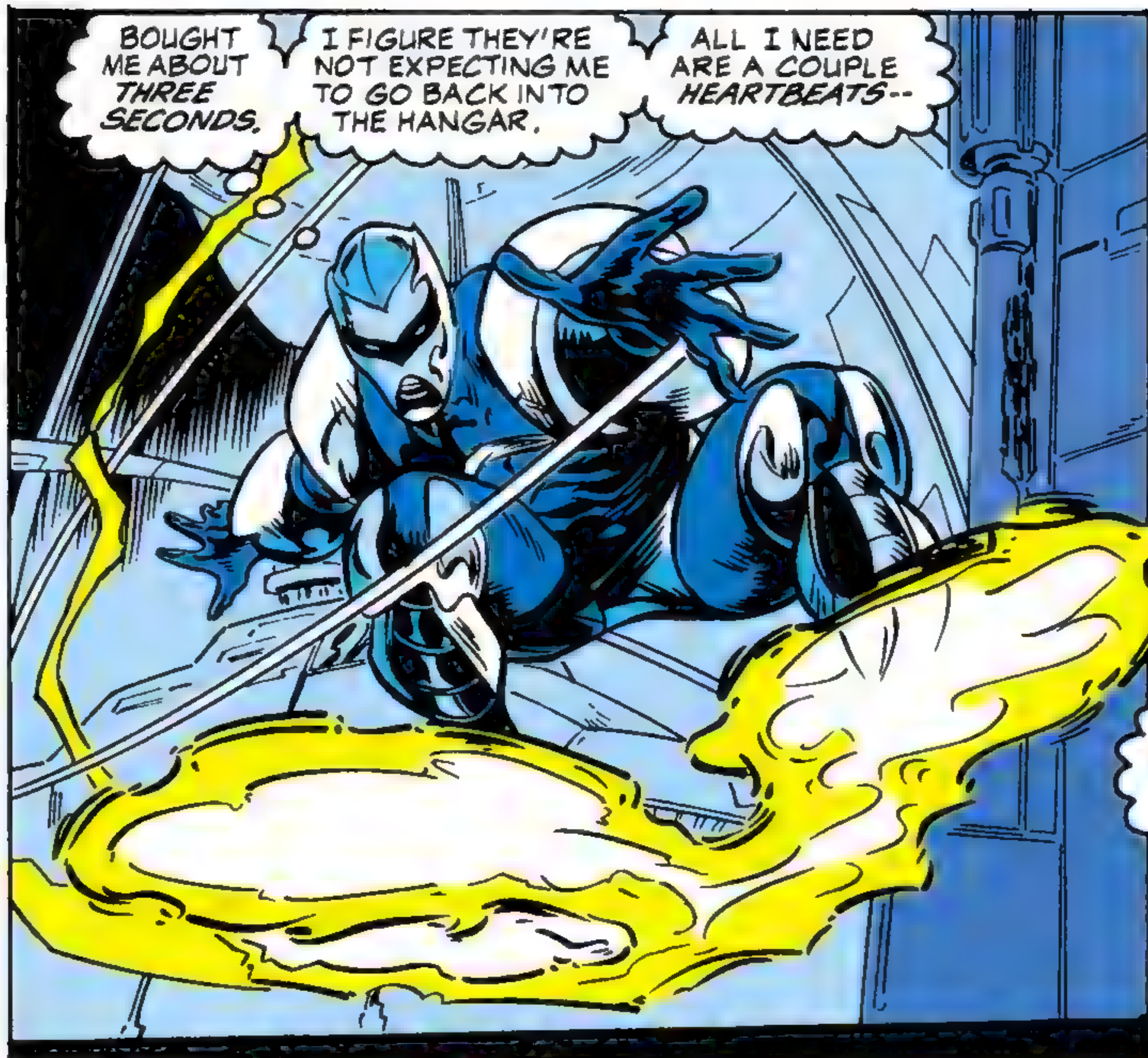


MAN, THAT
KID BURNS
ME UP...



J'ONN--
LOOK
OUT!

WIIIIIAHHH!!



BOUGHT ME ABOUT THREE SECONDS.

I FIGURE THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING ME TO GO BACK INTO THE HANGAR.

ALL I NEED ARE A COUPLE HEARTBEATS--



--HEY!!

FORGOT ABOUT THAT CAMOUFLAGE CHICK--!

NOT SO FAST, JUNIOR! YOU AND ME ARE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE--



WHAAAAA



--THEIR NEW HEADQUARTERS. NOT FULLY ON-LINE YET, BUT CLOSE. ALTHOUGH, IT WAS CLOSER BEFORE SOME KID BURST IN HERE AND BLEW UP THE WAR ROOM.

EUGENE R. RABUZZO, WESTLAKE DEFENSE SYSTEMS AT YOUR SERVICE.

NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL. MY CARD.



WE BUILD TO ORDER. SAY IF YOU NEED A HEADQUARTERS--OR MAYBE A DAMAGE-MOBILE-- I'M YOUR MAN.

I'VE GOT AN NSC * LEVEL 3 SECURITY CLEARANCE, MASTERTech CERTIFICATION, AND THREE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE IMAGE AWARDS!

BUT--YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHOSE SIDE I'M ON --IF I'M A HERO OR A VILLAIN--



DETAILS.

* NATIONAL SECURITY COMMISSION--7000

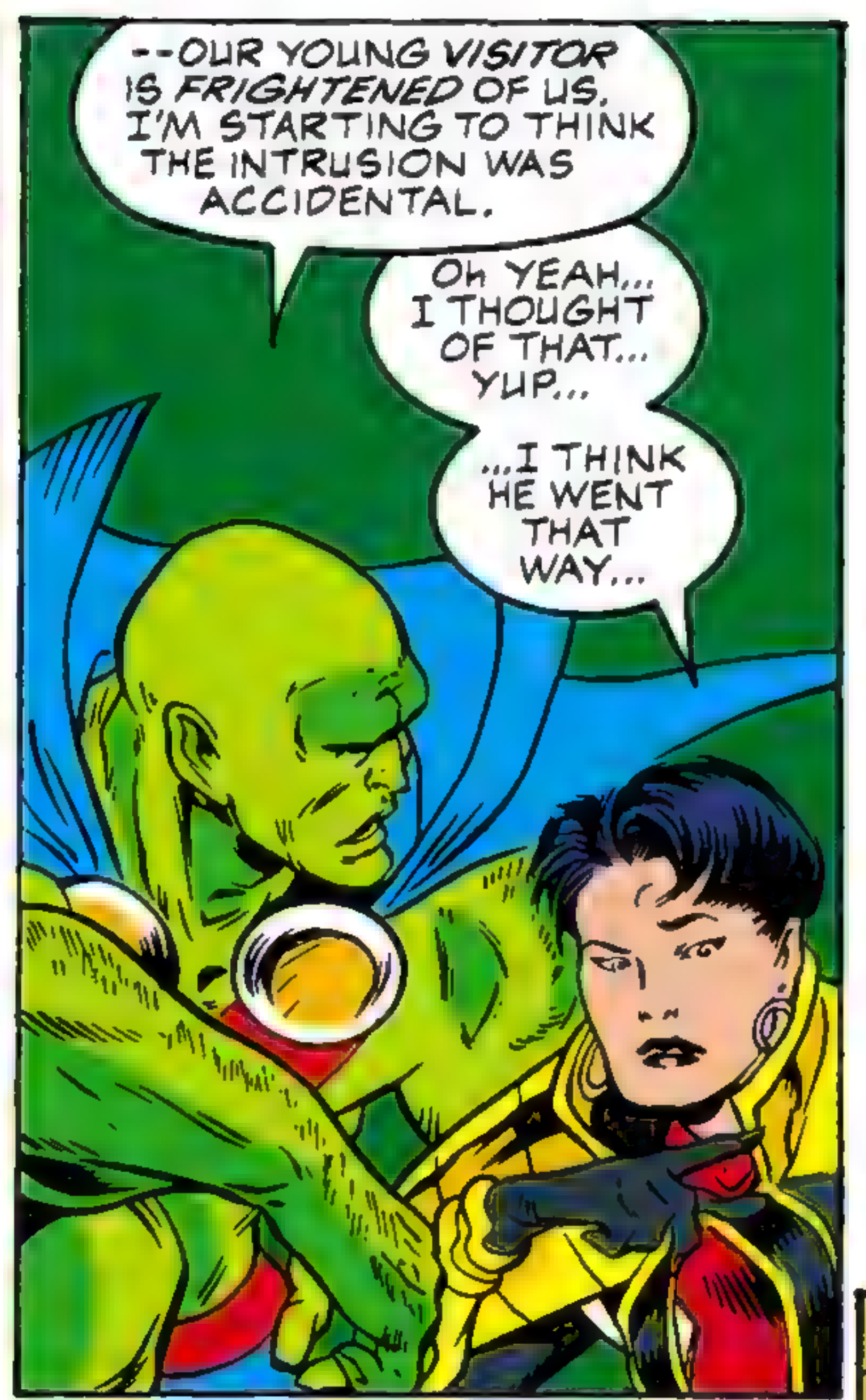


GYPSY--
WHERE'S THE
BOY--?!

WHAT--?
WHO--?

C'MON,
GYPSY--
SHAKE IT
OFF!

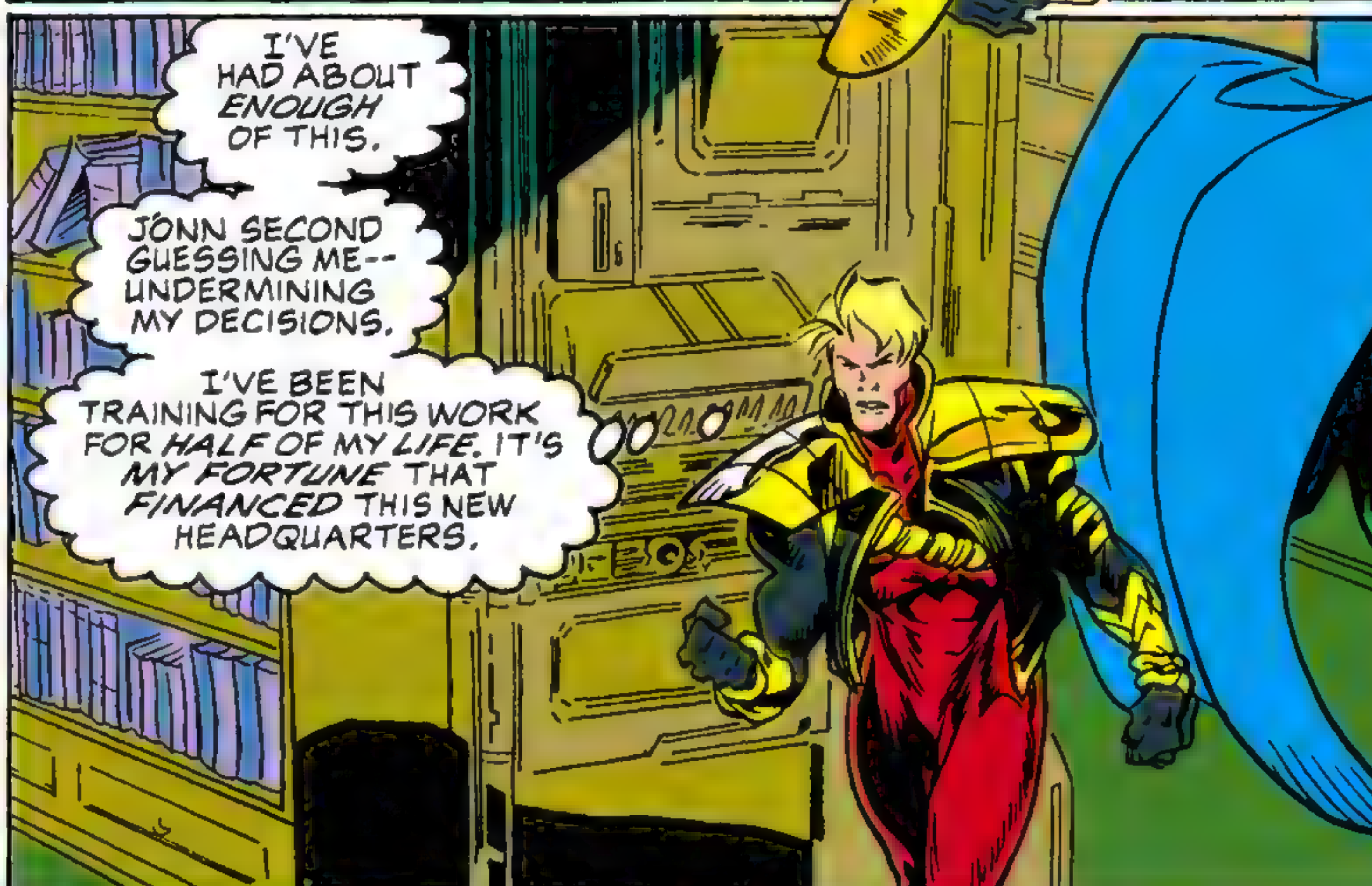
EASY,
TRIUMPH--



--OUR YOUNG VISITOR
IS FRIGHTENED OF US.
I'M STARTING TO THINK
THE INTRUSION WAS
ACCIDENTAL.

OH YEAH...
I THOUGHT
OF THAT...
YUP...

...I THINK
HE WENT
THAT
WAY...



I'VE
HAD ABOUT
ENOUGH
OF THIS.

JONN SECOND
GUESSING ME--
UNDERMINING
MY DECISIONS.

I'VE BEEN
TRAINING FOR THIS WORK
FOR HALF OF MY LIFE. IT'S
MY FORTUNE THAT
FINANCED THIS NEW
HEADQUARTERS.



I KNOW
I'VE GOT A LOT TO
LEARN--BUT I'M
NOT AN IDIOT,
EITHER.

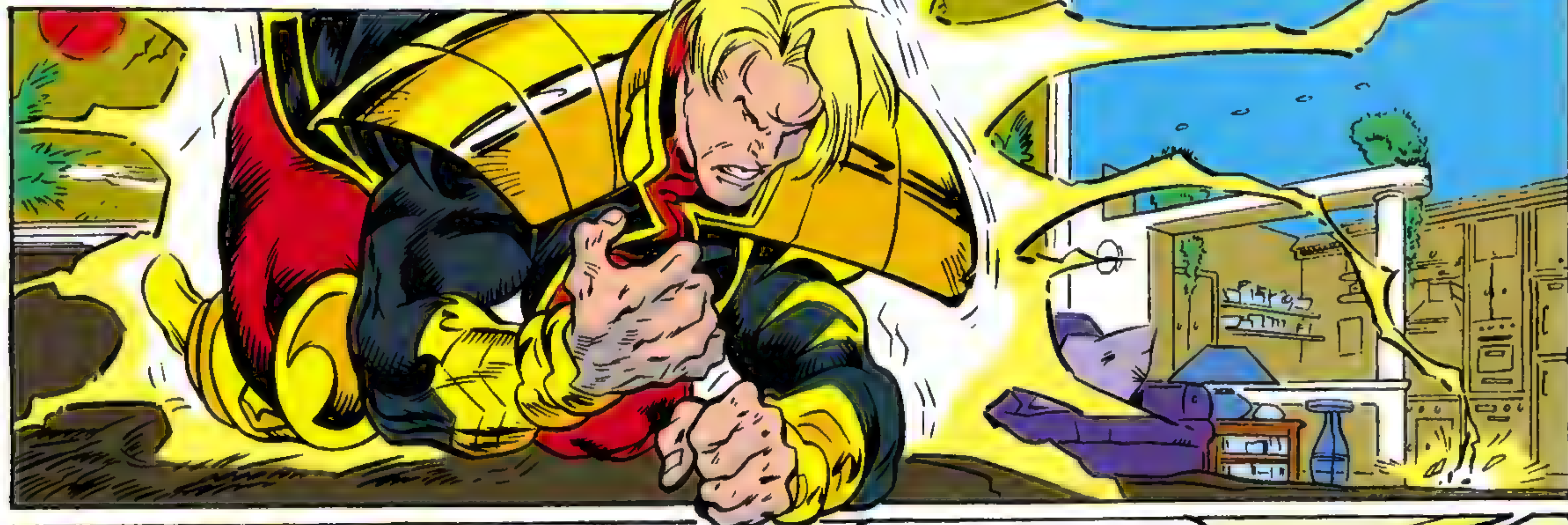
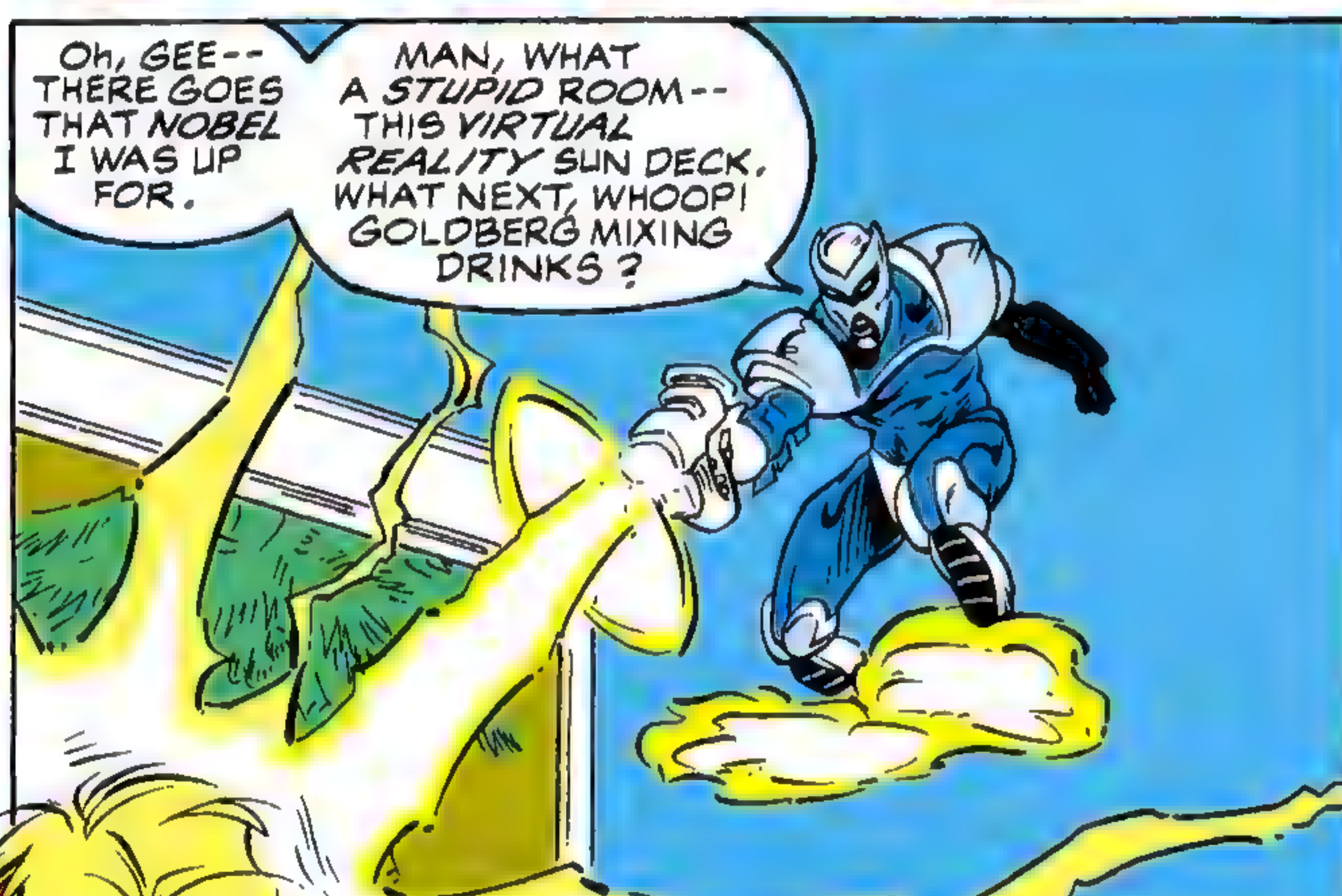
MAYBE I NEED
A TEAM OF MY
OWN--A GROUP I
CAN WORK WITH
MY WAY--

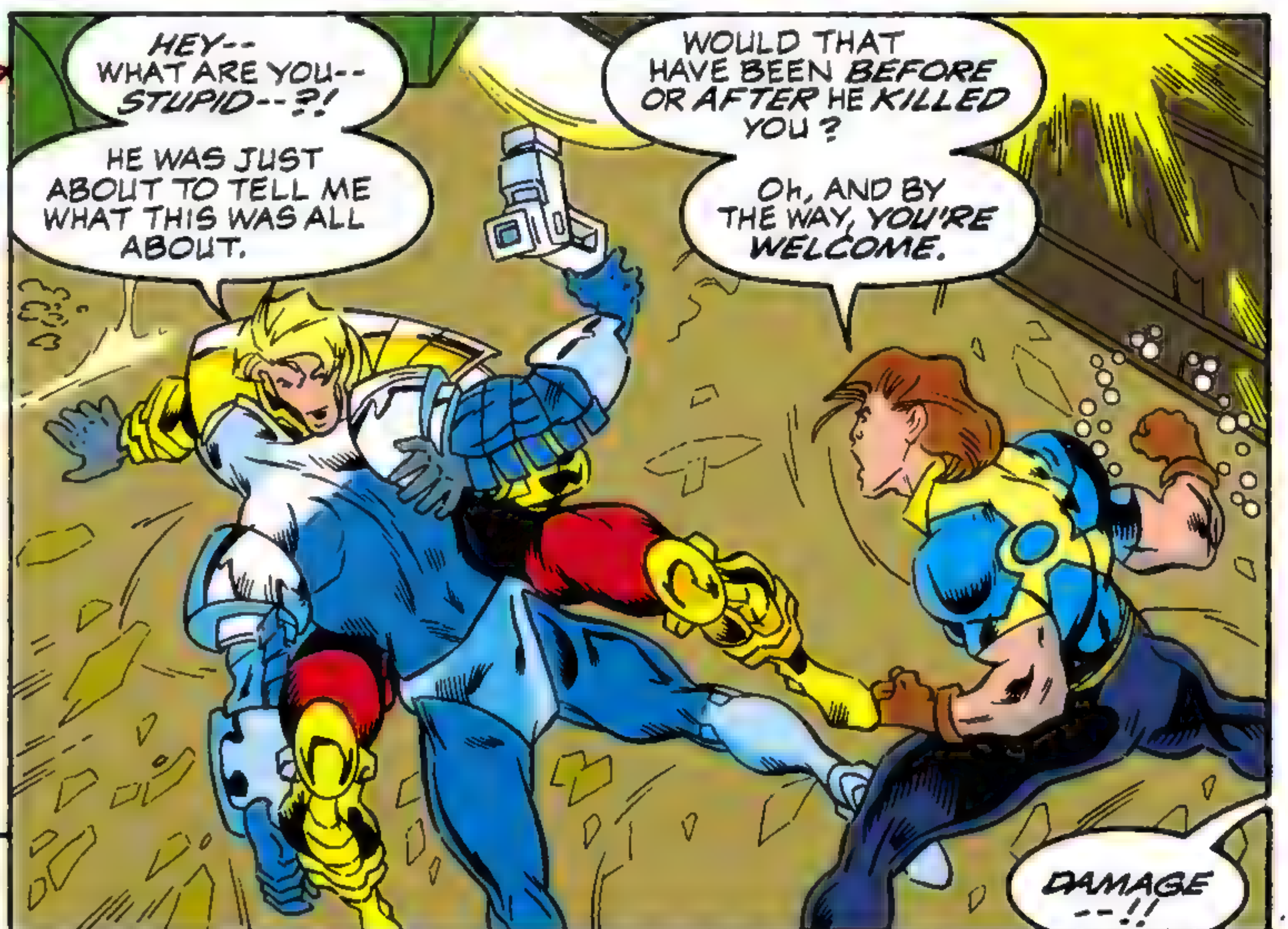


--YEAH--
AND I KNOW
JUST WHERE
TO START--

AARRRGHH!

ZZZTTT





L-RON'S AND MY BEST GUESS IS MYSTEK GAINED ACCESS TO RAY'S ELECTRON SHIELD AND UNWITTINGLY STUMBLED INTO IT. AS FOR THE BOY'S CONSPIRACY PARANOIA--

--THAT WE HAVE NO CLUE ABOUT. IT IS CLEAR, HOWEVER, MYSTEK IS TERRIFIED OF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE.

IT IS OUR DUTY TO HELP HIM.

UH-- IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, SIR, BUT--

--THIS KID TRIED TO KILL Y'ALL. MAYBE YOU'D WANT TO LOCK HIM UP-- AND THEN HELP HIM.

I WILL NOT HOLD MYSTEK AGAINST HIS WILL. WE ARE NOT AN AUTHORIZED POLICE FORCE. IN ADDITION, IT IS VITAL THIS INSTALLATION MAINTAIN A LOW COMMUNITY PROFILE.

NO ONE SHOULD SUSPECT WE ARE HERE.

HERE WHERE? WHERE AM I, ANYWAY?

I WOULD PREFER THE LOCATION OF THIS INSTALLATION REMAIN SECRET.

WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION, HOW DID YOU GET IN AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THE RAY PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH THE BRONZE TIGER--WHO LET ME USE GYPSY'S TRANSPORTER.*

*SEE DAMAGE #14 --ROO

RAY WAS HELPIN' ME TRACK DOCTOR POLARIS BUT WE CAME UP EMPTY.

AND SEEING HOW RAY'S STILL SHAKIN' UP ABOUT THAT PLANE CRASH--

THAT JET SUPERMAN SAVED--IN PHILADELPHIA? RAY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT--?

IT'S COMPLICATED, TRIUMPH--**

**AND YES, IT IS. SEE RAY ANNUAL #1 --ROO

BEWARE--!!

TOO LATE.

NO--!! MY ENERGY--I'M --I'M LOSIN' IT--!!

EVERYBODY-- LOOK OUT --!!





I'LL GET MYSTEK--

NO, TRIUMPH. LET HIM GO. I'M CERTAIN I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM.



HEY--YOU OKAY--?

YEAH...A LITTLE EMBARRASSED ...BUT FINE...

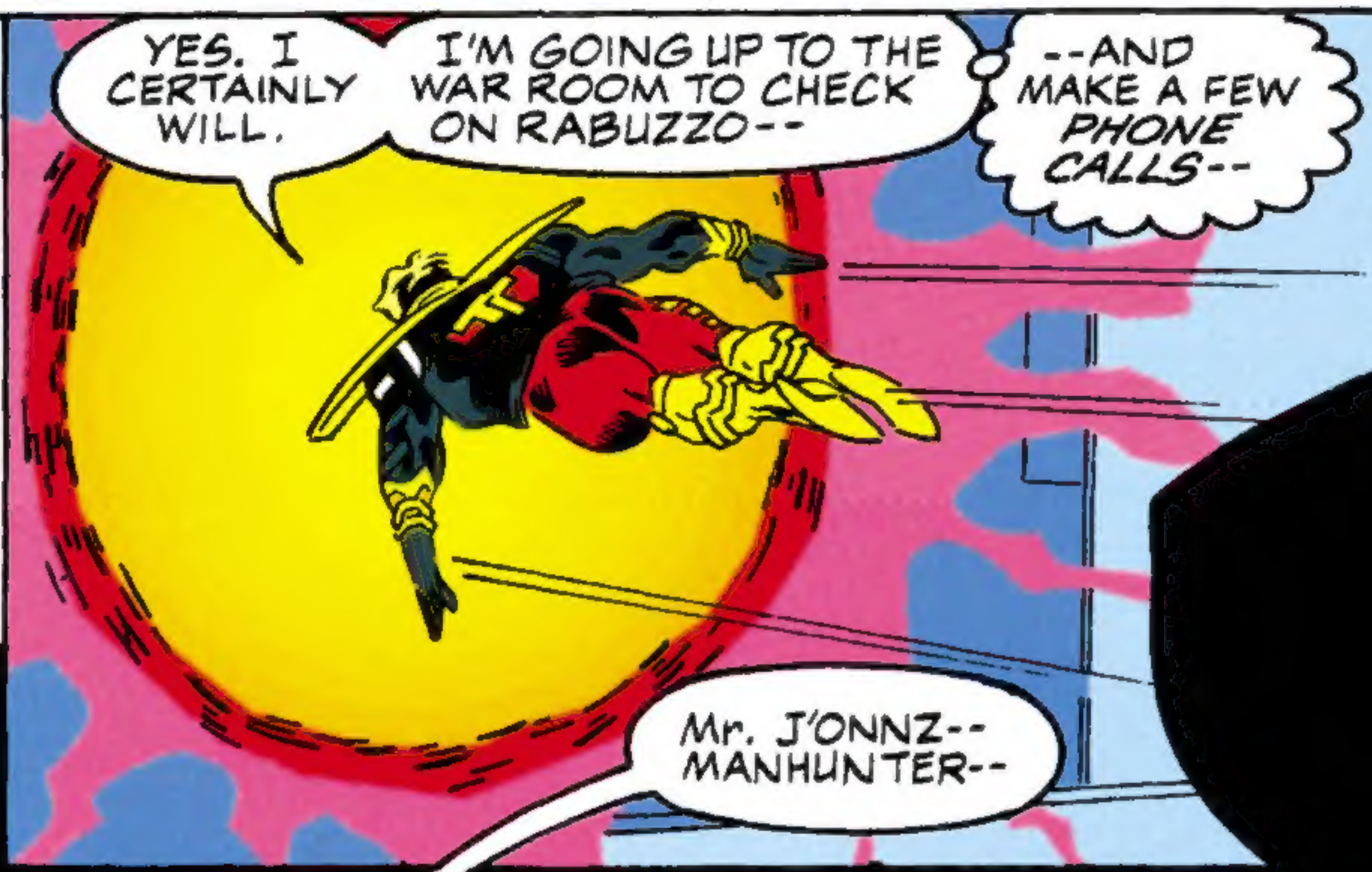


J'ONN-- I CAN "FIND" HIM NOW.

IF I HADN'T THROWN UP A FORCE FIELD, WE'D ALL BE DEAD!

I DO NOT BELIEVE MYSTEK IS A THREAT, TRIUMPH. I WILL DEAL WITH HIM IN DUE TIME.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, WILL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS.

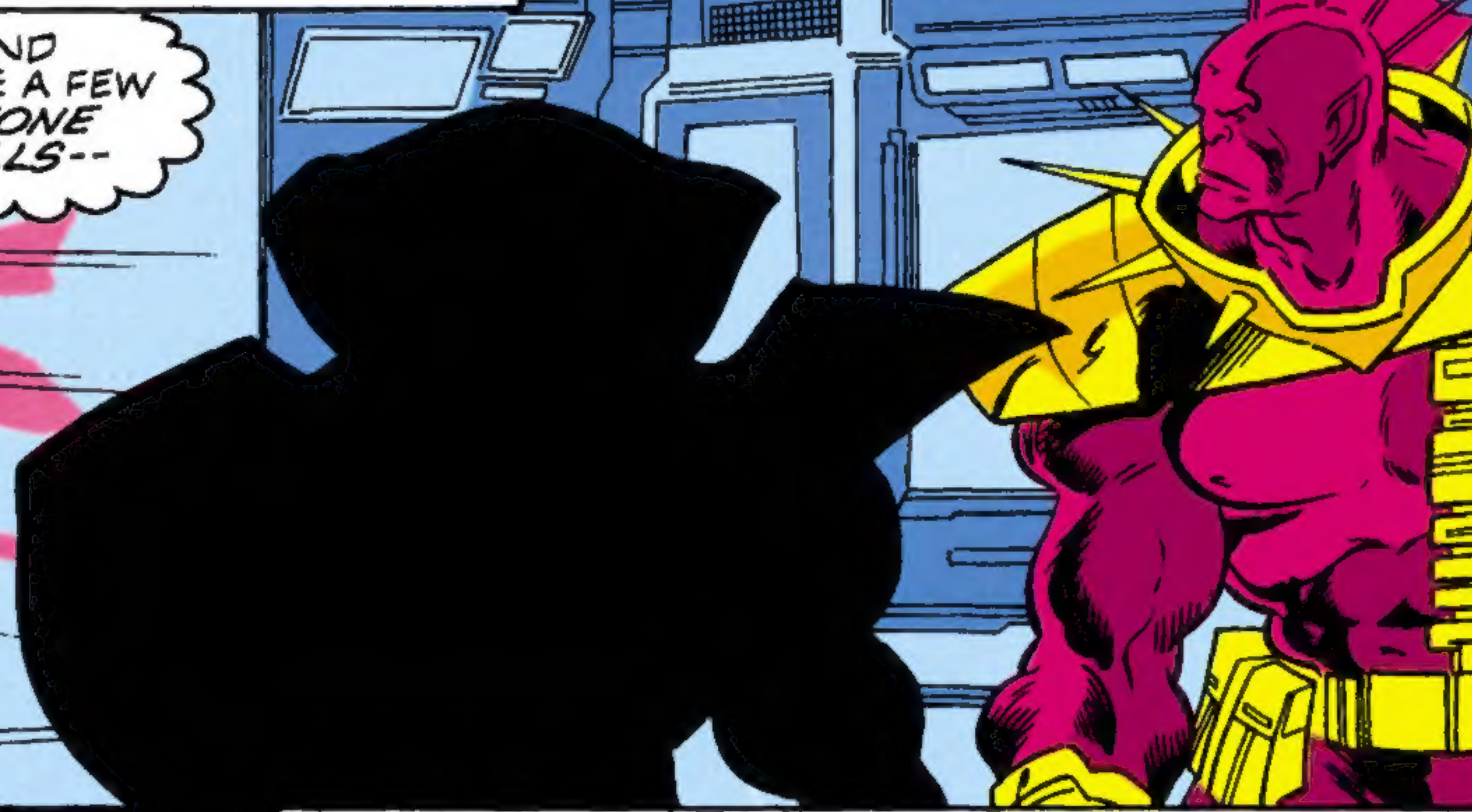


YES. I CERTAINLY WILL.

I'M GOING UP TO THE WAR ROOM TO CHECK ON RABUZZO--

--AND MAKE A FEW PHONE CALLS--

Mr. J'ONNZ-- MANHUNTER--



--I'M REALLY SORRY.

I'M STILL LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE MY POWERS--AND MYSTEK TOOK ME BY SURPRISE--

NO NEED TO EXPLAIN, DAMAGE. AS I SAID AT YOUR TRIAL, * I BELIEVE YOU TO BE A NOBLE PERSON--

--PERHAPS IN NEED OF SOME TRAINING.



I WILL INSPECT THE STRUCTURAL DAMAGE.

*DAMAGE #7--R20



SO, DAMAGE, HOW MAY WE BE OF ASSISTANCE?

YEAH, WHAT'S UP, DOC?

"DOC" IS RIGHT. DOC POLARIS IS ON THE LOOSE-- THANKS TO ME--



I LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE--

--PARTICULARLY THE STUNNING VIEW.

FASCINATING. GENE RABUZZO BUILDS A HIGH-TECH HAVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN AFFLUENT BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD--

--COMPLETE WITH HANGAR FACILITIES IN KANSAS LINKED TO THIS ONE BY DESPERO-- I'M SORRY-- L-RON'S ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.

I ACTUALLY HAD TO WORK AT FINDING YOU, I'M IMPRESSED.



VANDAL?

VANDAL SAVAGE!



WE'RE THRILLED.

WHAT, DID WE HANG A "BARGE ON IN" SIGN OR WHAT?!

GYPSY--!



YEAH, I KNOW IT'S JUST A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION-- LIKE LAST TIME-- *

--THEN AGAIN--

THUMP

I AM QUITE REAL, GYPSY, AND PLEASE DO NOT FAULT MR. RABUZZO. HE ISN'T EVEN AWARE I AM HERE.

* SAVAGE POPPED BY LAST IN 1SH #21 -- ROO



THEN STATE YOUR PURPOSE.

MY PURPOSE, AS ALWAYS, IS TO BE.

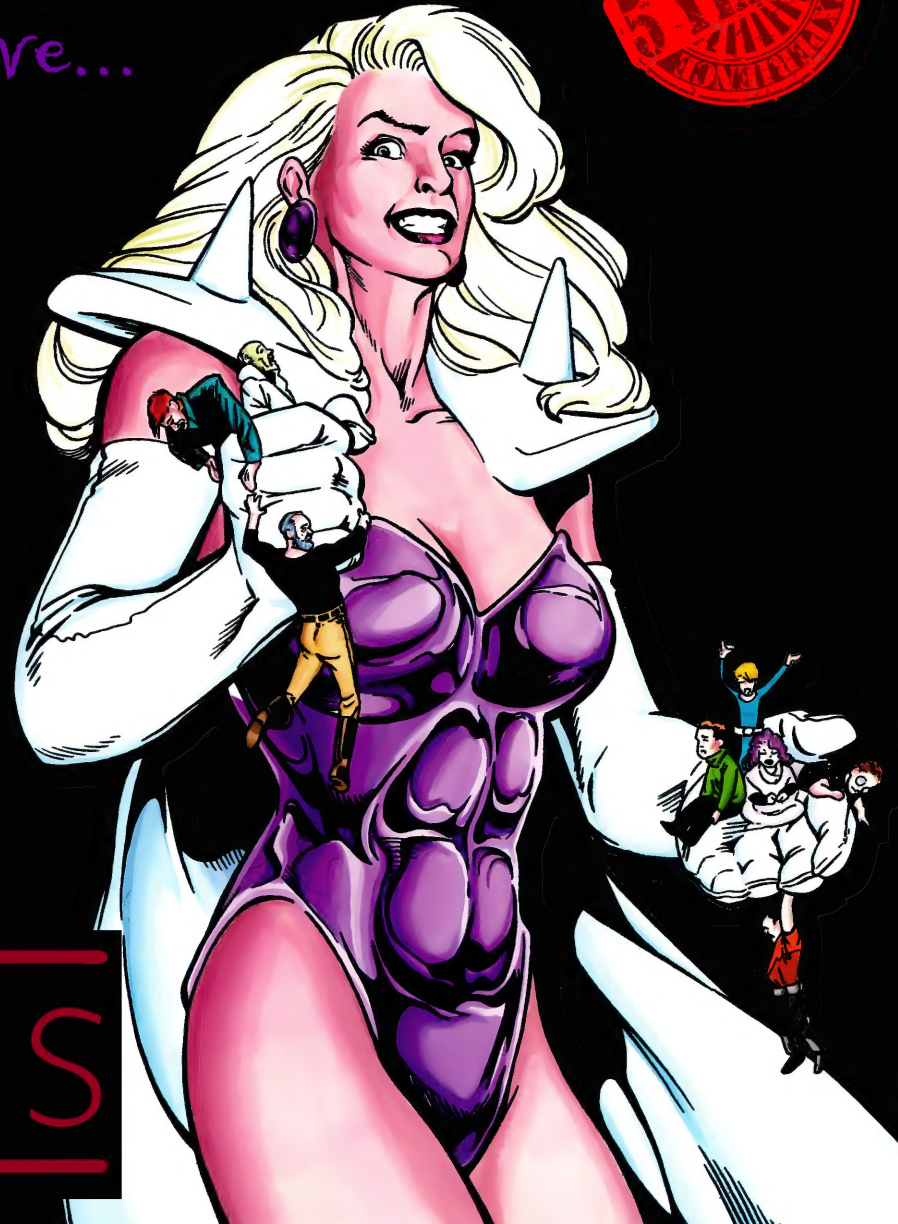
WHILE OTHERS WRESTLE GREAT TRUTHS AND MYSTERIES--



CONTINUED IN
DAMAGE #15

NEXT: CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER
THE RAY, VANDAL SAVAGE, AND THE
PRICE OF VICTORY.

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS